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THE CHINESE CIVIL WAR: AN ANTI-"RED" GUNNER READY TO LOAD A STOKES TRENCH-MORTAR.

The civil war in China, at the moment of writing, is still pursuing its desultory course, and no decisive action has occurred. The warring parties are divided into two groups—on the one side, the northern "anti-Red" allies, Chang Tso-lin, Wu Pei-fu, and Sun Chuan-fang; and on the other

side the Cantonese under Chiang Kai-shek (with Russian advisers), who have established themselves at Hankow and are expected to threaten Shanghai, and the forces of Feng Yu-hsiang, usually known as the Kuominchun, or National Army, a term applied to the Cantonese as well.

PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY TOPICAL.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

I HAVE been cheering myself lately with a very bright and pleasant book on the subject of death and burial. It is called "Funeral Customs; Their Origin and Development," by Bertram S. Puckle, published by Werner Laurie. The point of view of the writer is interesting because in a sense individual. He does not write in the usual supercilious way about superstition, indirectly identifying it with religion. He is rather concerned to show that it is not religion which is responsible for superstition. He quotes the very simple forms actually required by ecclesiastical authorities, and contrasts them with the mass of fussy formalities, old and new, that have been added without any authority at all. To this extent he is undoubtedly quite right. The nightmare pomp which seemed so non-sensical to Dickens, the tall black plumes, the long black streamers, the horrible marionettes of mutes—all that sort of thing was often carried out with religious solemnity, but it had nothing to do with religion. Those forms were never imposed by the Church; they were always imposed by the world. They were signs of worldliness and not of unworldliness; being almost always devoted to proclaiming the pride and pedigree and social rank of the dead man: all the things which religion declares to be obviously useless to him when he is dead.

We may agree that it was always a worldly gloom and a worldly solemnity. St Augustine said it, as he said so many things, a long while ago. He who uttered the "Pereant qui ante nos nostra dixerunt," must have provoked many other people to say it. He says somewhere that funeral customs are not tributes to the dead, but to the living. But perhaps it is not quite so indefensible to pay tributes to the living. If the demand comes not from the Church but from the world, it may be that the worldly are not always quite just to the world. There is more to be said than Mr. Puckle allows for, even for the boast of heraldry, the pomp of power, altogether apart from the long-drawn anthem swelling the note of praise. On the whole, however, we may well be grateful to a writer who will point out that religion has not complicated human customs, but rather simplified them. I remarked on this page, many years ago, that the most ritualistic service in the world is a very simple matter, concerned with plain things like fire and water or bread and wine, compared with the existing ritualism observed by butlers and waiters in serving a long dinner.

But why will even the most intelligent people insist on saying that every obvious human custom is a relic of some base and barbaric custom? Here, for instance, the writer suggests that leading the favourite charger of a general behind his hearse is a "survival" of some primitive habit of sacrificing an animal on the grave. This seems to me exactly like saying that taking off our hats to a lady is a survival of having our heads cut off when we were suitors for a fairy princess. In one sense the connection is quite correct. Taking off hats is a sign of respect to the lady, in a society where ladies are supposed to be respected. And cutting off heads, in the fairy-tale, was a sign that respect for that particular lady was perhaps almost carried to excess. But there is no reason to suppose that the idea would not have existed in its saner form, even if it had never been carried to excess. Similarly, it is natural to associate the horse with the glory of the warrior; and people were doubtless moved by some such emotion even if they went so far as to kill the horse to his greater glory. But if nobody had ever thought of killing the horse, thousands of people

would still have thought of leading the horse. They would have thought of it because it is a perfectly natural thing to think of.

Where a higher type of society thinks chiefly of the dignity and solemn beauty of the occasion, it is the occasion of a procession. Where a lower or wilder type of society thinks chiefly of the doom and terror of the occasion, it is the occasion of a sacrifice. Both are, of course, in one sense feeling the intensity and importance of the occasion. That is why they both do something to celebrate it. But I can never see why we should say that the sane form of it is a variation of the savage form, any more than that the

the horse behind the hearse is an excellent example of putting the cart before the horse.

This fallacy, which is not peculiar to this writer, but is, indeed, rather refreshingly rare in him, is always the result of not using our own imagination; that is, our own inside knowledge of mankind. In other words, it comes from not really believing in the brotherhood of man. For there is no value in a version of the brotherhood of men which does not cover troglodytes and cannibals. People do solemn things because they think the occasion is solemn; and they do dreadful things because they think the occasion is dreadful. But there is no particular sense in saying that they do solemn things merely because they once did dreadful things. There is no need to explain ritual by remote extravagances, because it does not need any explanation. It explains itself. It explains all sorts of other things much better than definitions or abstractions explain them. To scatter flowers on a grave is simply a way in which an ordinary person can express in gesture things that only a very great poet can express in words. I decline to believe that those who do it necessarily believe that the dead man can smell. I doubt whether even those who did it in prehistoric times necessarily thought that the dead man could smell. Strange as it may seem, I do not think they were thinking in that vivid vicarious fashion about the dead man's feelings. I think they were relieving their own feelings. "Funeral customs are a tribute not to the dead but to the living," said St. Augustine.

But those who write about primitive man's feelings always seem to start with the assumption that he had no feelings. He did everything that we do for sentimental reasons, but we are always told that he did it for totally different reasons. I have never been able to see the sense of this argument at all. Some men sometimes did dark and diabolical things then; and some men sometimes do dark and diabolical things now. Decadents in Paris attend a Black Mass, which is often a sort of parody of human sacrifice. But if somebody tells me that High Mass at the Madeleine, with Marshal Foch in the front pew, is a survival of the Black Mass in the den of the decadents, I shall take the liberty of disbelieving him. It is obviously more reasonable to call the bad thing a relic of the good one than *vice versa*. And I do not see why any number of people should not have conceived the common human notion of having a horse as the companion of a hero, quite apart from special ideas, which undoubtedly existed on special occasions of terror and blood-offering and similar expiation. It is simply a question of the order in which the ideas occur to the mind; and I see no reason to suppose that the abnormal always occurs before the normal, or the inhuman before the human.

The truth is that the science of folklore has suffered terribly from oblivion of one fact: that folk-lore is also folk. It is not in that sense a science like entomology or conchology or ornithology. A man must study a beetle from the outside, because it is quite difficult to get inside a beetle. Men must be objective about a wrinkle: they must regard it as an object. They cannot all become wrinkles, but they have all been born men. They ought to have an Inner Light, as the Quakers say, about all the things men have done, which they cannot expect to have about the social activities of wrinkles. And a great deal of what is called enlightenment seems largely to consist of extinguishing this inner illumination; or, in other words, sinning against the light.



WHERE THE LATE EMPRESS CHARLOTTE OF MEXICO SPENT THE LAST FORTY-SEVEN YEARS OF HER TRAGIC LIFE, AND DIED RECENTLY IN HER EIGHTY-SEVENTH YEAR: THE BEAUTIFUL CHATEAU OF BOUCHOUT, NEAR BRUSSELS, RESPECTED BY THE GERMANS DURING THE WAR, AT THE INSTANCE OF AUSTRIA.



AS SHE WAS A YEAR BEFORE HER HUSBAND, THE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN, WAS EXECUTED BY MEXICAN REPUBLICANS: THE LATE EMPRESS CHARLOTTE AT 26, IN 1866.

The Empress Charlotte of Mexico, who died on January 19 at the Chateau of Bouchout, where she had lived since 1879, was born at the neighbouring Château de Laeken, near Brussels, in 1840. She was the only daughter of King Leopold I. of the Belgians, and was a first cousin of Queen Victoria. At seventeen she married the Archduke Ferdinand Maximilian of Austria, brother of the late Emperor Francis Joseph. In 1864 her husband accepted the throne of Mexico, then occupied by the French, with the title of Emperor Maximilian; but the next year, when Napoleon III. withdrew his troops, he contemplated abdication. The Empress hurried to Europe for help, but after a stormy interview with Napoleon her mind gave way, and in a demented condition she went to Rome and visited the Pope. She never recovered her reason, and never heard of the execution of her husband by the Mexican Republicans, in 1867, but she never forgot him and often talked about him.

Photographs by E. Le Graive and Paul Polinet. That of the Empress in 1866 from the Collection of the Comtesse H. de Reinach Foussemagne.



AS SHE WAS IN 1926, AT THE AGE OF 86: THE LATE EMPRESS DRIVING IN THE PARK AT BOUCHOUT LAST YEAR, SIXTY YEARS AFTER LOSING HER REASON.

savage form is a variation of the sane form. It seems to me much more true to say that the natural introduction of the horse is sometimes degraded into the unnatural immolation of the horse, than to put it the other way round, and say that the immolation introduces the introduction. The presence of the horse behind the hearse is a normal thing, which has sometimes in the past taken an abnormal form. In other words, this explanation of putting

THE MONTREAL CINEMA FIRE PANIC: SEVENTY-SEVEN CHILDREN KILLED.



SHOWING (IN THE UPPER LEFT-HAND CORNER) THE EXIT WHERE THE FATAL STAMPEDE OCCURRED: THE AUDITORIUM OF THE LAURIER PALACE CINEMATOGRAPH THEATRE AFTER THE FIRE IN THE BALCONY.



WHERE SEVENTY-SEVEN CHILDREN WERE KILLED IN A PANIC AND STAMPEDE: THE TOP OF THE FATAL STAIRCASE LEADING FROM THE BALCONY.



WHERE THE FIRE BROKE OUT UNDER THE FLOOR FROM AN UNKNOWN CAUSE, POSSIBLY DUST COMBUSTION: FIREMEN SEARCHING FOR BODIES IN THE BALCONY.



THE FUNERAL OF SOME OF THE CHILDREN WHO LOST THEIR LIVES IN THE CINEMA DISASTER: HEARSEs DRAWN UP IN THE OPEN SPACE OUTSIDE THE CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY IN MONTREAL.

Seventy-seven young boys and girls lost their lives in the terrible disaster at the Laurier Palace Cinema, in Montreal, on Sunday, January 9. Fire broke out under the floor of the balcony, a good distance from the fireproof operating box, from some unknown cause. It was not thought to be due to a short circuit, as the electric wires were enclosed in conduits, and one suggestion was that it was caused by dust combustion. The fire was followed by an explosion, which blew out windows. The flames were soon got under control by the firemen, and did not greatly damage the building. The heavy death-roll was due to panic and a stampede down a narrow staircase with three turns and two small landings. Some of the children in front were suddenly thrown down by pressure from behind, and those following them were piled together in a struggling mass. The firemen and police had to break through a side wall to effect rescues and haul the living out by ropes. Nearly all the seventy-seven children killed died by suffocation, mostly on the second landing. None was burned, and only a few



A CHILD VICTIM: CECILE MARTIN, AGED EIGHT, WHO DIED IN HOSPITAL.



ONE OF SEVENTY-SEVEN WHO WERE KILLED: IVETTE TREMBLAY, AGED EIGHT.



KILLED IN THE CRUSH FOLLOWING A PANIC: LEOPOLD TREMBLAY, AGED ELEVEN.



ANOTHER OF THE CHILDREN KILLED IN A STAMPEDE: GERTRUDE SAUVAGEAU.



WHERE MANY CHILDREN PERISHED WITHIN A FEW FEET OF SAFETY, AND THE LIVING WERE HAULED OUT BY ROPES: THE STREET EXIT.



A SOLEMN REQUIEM MASS IN THE CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY FOR THIRTY-EIGHT OF THE SEVENTY-SEVEN CHILDREN WHO DIED IN THE DISASTER: COFFINS BEFORE THE SANCTUARY, SURROUNDED BY MOURNERS.

were crushed to death. The film operator, Emile Massicotte, rescued nearly thirty by carrying them to a window, until he was so blinded by smoke that he could not see. Some twenty-five injured were taken to hospital. A Requiem Service for the victims was held on the 11th in the Church of the Nativity of Hochelaga, to which parish most of them belonged.

BENGAL ART BEFORE THE MUSALMAN CONQUEST: REMARKABLE DISCOVERIES AT PAHARPUR.

Sir John Marshall, Director-General of Archaeology in India, communicates the following account and photographs of the discoveries recently made at Paharpur in Eastern Bengal by Mr. R. D. Banerji, Superintendent of the Archaeological Survey.

"THE temple which Mr. Banerji has been excavating originally consisted of a large quadrangle surrounded by high enclosure walls lined on the inside with extensive monastic buildings. There were large gates in the middle of each of the four sides of the surrounding wall, and the principal entrance was presumably the one which faces the north. The main temple, which was built entirely of brick, occupied the centre of the quadrangle, where a lofty mound more than seventy feet in height remained, while the spaces between it and the surrounding wall were probably occupied by tanks and buildings, very little of which have survived to our day. Mr. Banerji's excavations in the last cold weather were restricted to the northern portion of the central mound and to the northern gateway of the quadrangle. The temple appears to have been a *garbha-chaitya*, or a hollow pagoda. In plan it resembled a gigantic Maltese cross, the arms of which were large staircases now hidden in projections at the four cardinal points of the central mound.

"The northern staircase, which has been almost completely laid bare, is nearly a hundred and fifty feet in length; but the steps are all ruined, and further excavation will be necessary to determine its internal plan. Along the side walls of the staircase and the lower part of the plinth there are two dados divided by projecting cornices. These dados are adorned with

terracotta plaques portraying flowers, trees, rocks, snakes, animals, and human as well as divine and semi-divine beings. The modelling is bold and vigorous, and denotes a high standard of artistic activity in this part of Bengal before the Musalman conquest.

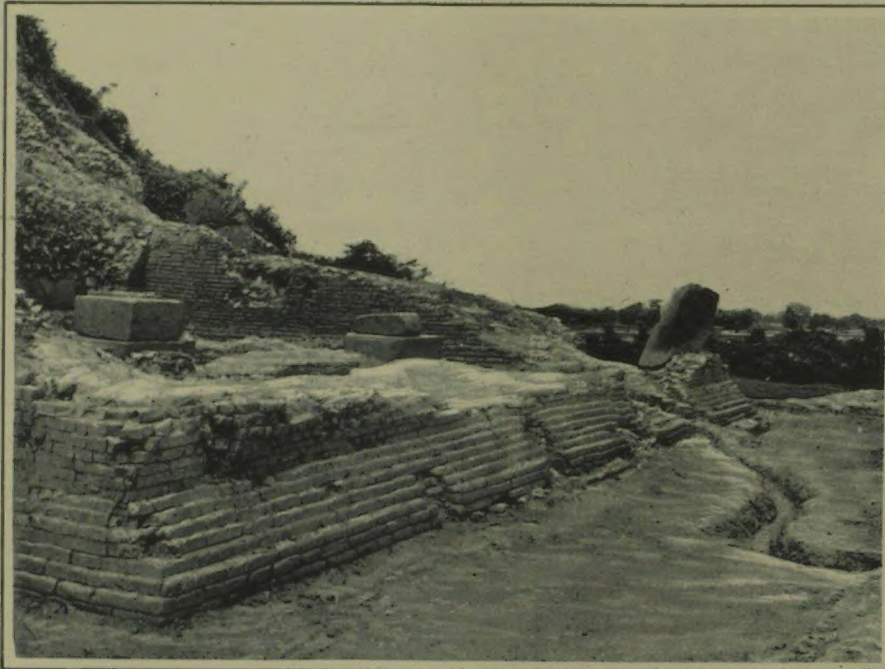
"At the top of the staircase is a large platform, nearly two hundred feet square, in the middle of which stands the peristyle hall with great corridors on each

pillars supported the roof. The side walls of the corridors are still intact up to a height of twenty feet from the plinth of the peristyle hall.

"While clearing this structure the excavator discovered two inscribed stone pillars, one of which was dedicated in the fifth year of the reign of the Pratihara Emperor Mahendrapala I. of Kanauj, who began to reign *circa* 890 A.D. The sides of the corridors also bear two long dados like the plinth of the lower terrace, and the terracotta plaques of this dado are much earlier in date than those along the plinth. Many of the terracotta plaques are missing in the upper dados, and the gaps were filled up at a later date with ordinary bricks. In some cases old plaques were turned upside down to fill up some of these cavities.

"It appears, therefore, that the original temple at Paharpur was built some time in the seventh or eighth century A.D., but that it was extensively repaired towards the close of the ninth century. The inscription of Mahendrapala I. of Kanauj discovered at Paharpur incidentally proves that the Pala kingdom had been wiped out by Bhoja I. of Kanauj soon after the battle of Munger in the middle of the ninth century.

"The temple discovered at Paharpur is of a type entirely new to Indian archaeology. It is built almost exclusively of small bricks laid in mud mortar, and, considering the materials used, it is remarkable that, after a lapse of some thirteen centuries, parts of it are still standing to a height of sixty feet above the ground level. Stone has been sparingly used in the building, but most of the pillars and pilasters are of stone, as also are the great drain-pipes or gargoyles shaped as heads of crocodiles or *makaras*."



OF A TYPE NEW TO INDIAN ARCHÆOLOGY: THE TEMPLE DISCOVERED AT PAHARPUR, IN EASTERN BENGAL—THE FRONT OF THE NORTHERN MANDAPA, OR PERISTYLE HALL, SHOWING BASES OF PILLARS THAT SUPPORTED A HEAVY ROOF.

side. These corridors surrounded the main shrine, and are in the form of a Maltese cross. Inside the great peristyle hall, on the north, four massive stone

used in the building, but most of the pillars and pilasters are of stone, as also are the great drain-pipes or gargoyles shaped as heads of crocodiles or *makaras*."

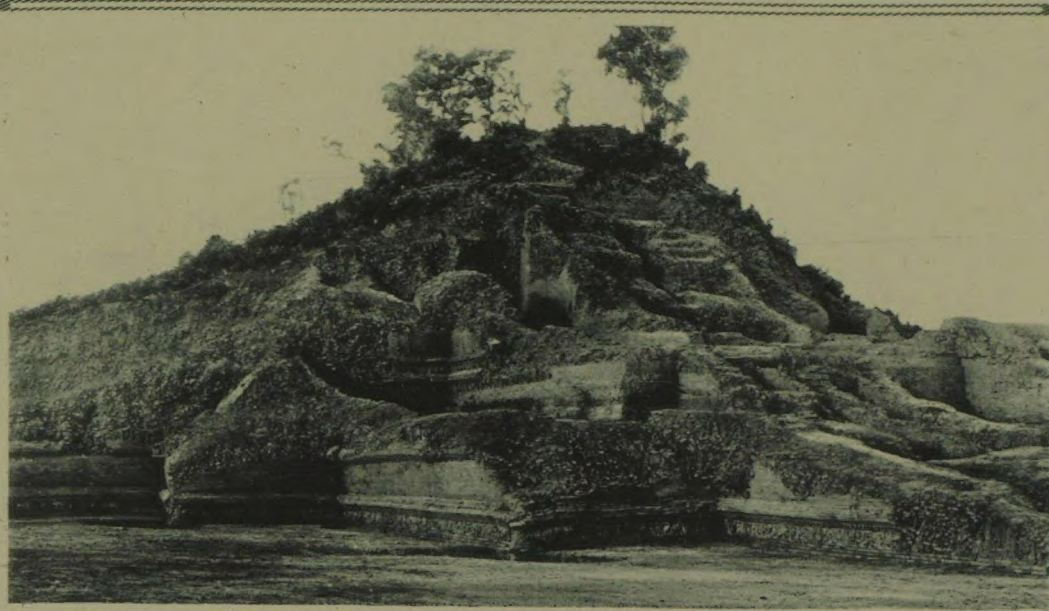


ORIGINALLY BUILT IN THE SEVENTH OR EIGHTH CENTURY A.D. AND REPAIRED TOWARDS THE END OF THE NINTH CENTURY: THE PAHARPUR TEMPLE—A GENERAL VIEW OF THE NORTHERN FAÇADE, FROM THE NORTH GATE.

Photographs by the Archaeological Survey of India, Eastern Circle. By Courtesy of Sir John Marshall, Director-General of Archaeology in India.

ANCIENT BENGAL SCULPTURE: REMARKABLE DISCOVERIES AT PAHARPUR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE ARCHEOLOGICAL SURVEY OF INDIA, EASTERN CIRCLE. BY COURTESY OF SIR JOHN MARSHALL, DIRECTOR-GENERAL OF ARCHEOLOGY IN INDIA.



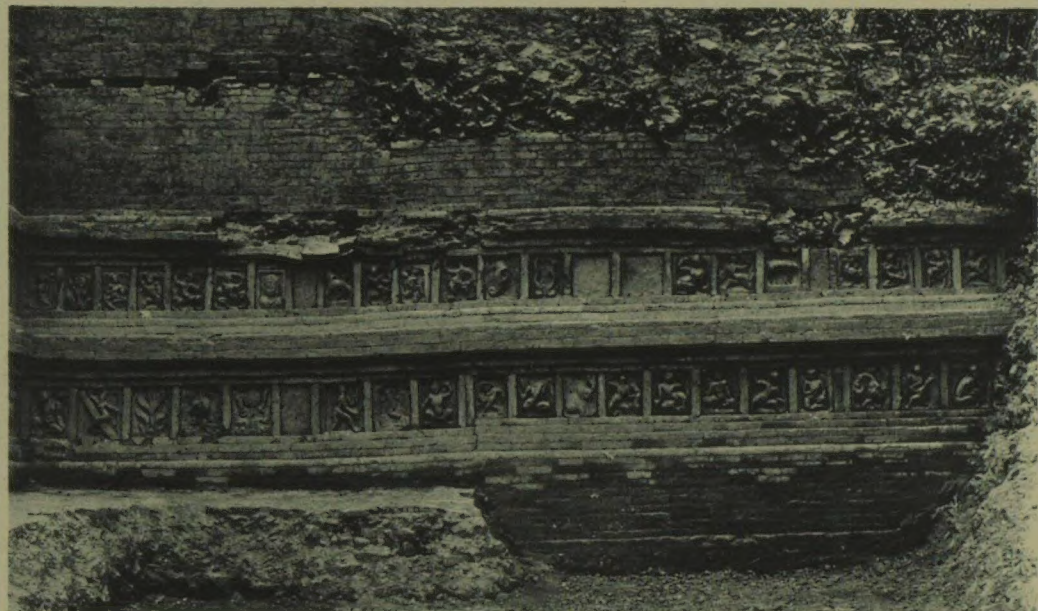
1. SHOWING THE DADO OF TERRACOTTA SCULPTURED PLAQUES ROUND THE UPPER AND LOWER BASEMENTS, THE EASTERN CORRIDOR, AND THE PERISTYLE HALL: A NEAR VIEW OF THE TEMPLE DISCOVERED AT PAHARPUR, IN EAST BENGAL.



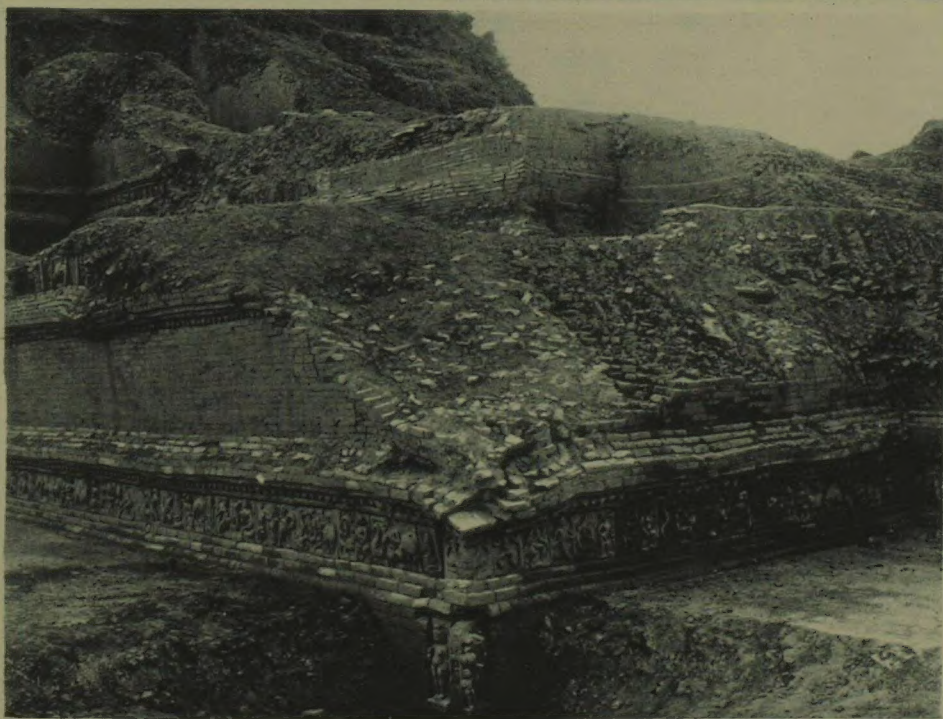
2. RECALLING THE ELEPHANTS OF MAYA ART: A PLAQUE WITH A NOVEL FORM OF LION AND ELEPHANT MOTIF COMMON IN INDIAN ARCHITECTURE.



3. WITH A CONVENTIONAL DESIGN OF FRUIT, BUDS, AND LEAVES: A PLAQUE FROM THE UPPER DADO AROUND THE CENTRAL TEMPLE DISCOVERED AT PAHARPUR.



4. DATING FROM THE SEVENTH OR EIGHTH CENTURY A.D., AND SLIGHTLY EARLIER THAN THOSE OF THE LOWER BASEMENT: DETAIL OF THE DOUBLE ROW OF TERRACOTTA PLAQUES AROUND THE UPPER BASEMENT OF THE PAHARPUR TEMPLE.



5. SHOWING (ABOVE THE UNDERGROUND STONE SUPPORT AT THE CORNER) A LION WITH ONE HEAD AND TWO BODIES: THE NORTH-EAST ANGLE OF THE BUILDING, WITH TRACES OF ANOTHER DADO (EXTREME LEFT ABOVE) OUTSIDE THE PARAPET WALL OF THE TERRACE ROUND THE MAIN TEMPLE.



6. LIKE A MODERN PEASANT OF NORTH BENGAL IN APPEARANCE AND DRESS: A PLAQUE WITH A FIGURE OF A MAN STRIKING A GONG.

A very interesting discovery was made recently at Paharpur, in East Bengal, of a temple some eleven or twelve hundred years old, and adorned with well-preserved terracotta plaques revealing the high standard of art attained there before the Musalman conquest of India. An article on the subject appears on the opposite page. Some further details may be added from notes supplied on the above photographs. "(1) This shows the lower basement, the open walk round the upper basement, the eastern corridor, the peristyle hall, the window, and the little platform above it near the top of the main temple; (2) The lion and elephant ornament is a common *motif* in Indian architecture. This plaque

presents a new convention of this *motif*; (3) A plaque from the upper terrace or the dado around the central temple. It shows a conventional fruit, with buds and leaves; (4) These plaques belong to the seventh or the eighth century, and are slightly earlier in date than those of the lower basement; (5) Above the stone support, underground at the corner, to bear the thrust, is a lion with one head but two bodies, at the corner of the dado of plaques. To the left are traces of another dado that formed the exterior ornamentation of the parapet wall of the open walk around the main temple; (6) A man striking a gong. The appearance and dress is that of a North Bengal peasant of the present day."

At the Sign of St. Paul's

By JOHN OWEN.

Bradshaw's Guidance.

It is announced that Odstone Hall Farm, Leicestershire, is to be sold. The fact is particularly interesting just now, because the end of January is remembered by many people as the anniversary of the Execution of Charles I., and the owner of Odstone Farm in the seventeenth century was none other than John Bradshaw, whose name stood first in the warrant for the King's execution.

The famous, or, as some people prefer to believe it, the infamous paper, with its scores of signatories of consenting parties, may still be seen reproduced at the United Services Museum, the best place to be visited by anybody who wants to reconstruct in his mind the last scene in the life of the high-minded monarch who was also the most obstinate ruler who ever showed his unfitness to govern the people under him. From the first window of the big first-floor room of the Museum, we can look into Whitehall and, at the bidding of the dead King, "Remember." Never before or since in our history has a single movement of a man's arm represented so immense a revolution, spiritual and political, as was signified when that headsman swung his axe. The spirit of History must have looked back many a time since, wondering if the thing really happened. To many in that pale crowd, looking towards the scaffold, it must have seemed as if Blasphemy was made visible and in action.

Henry the First Hand Witness.

The best account I know of the Execution was the work of Philip Henry, father of the celebrated commentator, Matthew Henry of Chester. Philip's father had a place at Court, and he tells us that at "the latter end of the year 1648," he being then eighteen, he had leave given him to go to London "to see my father." "And during my stay there at that time at Whitehall it was, that I saw the Beheading of King Charles the first. Hee went by our door on Foot each day that he was carry'd by water to Westminster, for he took barge at Garden-stayres where we liv'd, and once hee spake to my Father, and sayd, Art thou alive yet! On the day of his execution, which was Tuesday, January 30, I stood amongst the crowd in the street before Whitehal Gate, where the scaffold was erected and saw what was done, but was not so near as to hear any thing. The Blow I saw given, and can to-day say with a sad heart and the instant whereof, I remember wel, there was such a Grone by the Thousands there present, as I never heard before and desire I may never hear again."

Let's Pretend. I lately referred to the Anti-Gregorians, as well as to that heroic band so willing to put its life in pawn to preserve the virgin purity of the doctrine that the earth is flat. Apropos of Charles I. we may at this time remember that in the last days of January another remarkable body takes its innings. It is then the annual opportunity of the Legitimist League. We live in a world of pretences, many of them false pretences: so perhaps we should not complain if, lurking in the background of the national consciousness, is some extremely Young Pretender. They had to take Pretenders more seriously in other times. The Forty-Five did not for ever end the pretensions of these gentlemen. Five years after the rout of Culloden Moor a disguised Prince Charles was in England again: the mysterious episode at a coronation, when the glove of a King's Challenger was accepted, which gave Scott one of his greatest opportunities, was a novelist's use of the fact that a Pretender saw a King crowned.

It has been easy for pro-Stuarts to sentimentalise their loyalty to the blessed memory of the Charles who suffered. The best thing that their obscure cult has given us is Lionel Johnson's verses, so familiar to the people who, in this day of the redundant anthology, are content to read only such poetry as is prescribed for them by others.

Clifford's Interests.

It is announced that Clifford's Inn has been sold, and that presently, if not at once, the old place is to be demolished. Clifford's Inn was a subordinate Inn of the Middle Temple. It is the

oldest of the Inns of Chancery, and was first leased in 1345, for an annual payment of £10, by Isabella de Clifford, the land having originally been granted by the Sovereign, thirty-five years earlier, to Robert de Clifford. Robert spent most of his time fighting Scotsmen. As a reward he was given some portion of the English estates of the Bruce. Edward II., who liked him, was always "tipping" him somebody's property. But Scotland got her own back. De Clifford was killed at Bannockburn. The sixteenth century saw the de Clifford of the day, Henry, become Earl of Cumberland. Like his ancestor,



BOUGHT BY THE PRINCE OF WALES AS AN ADDITION TO HIS DUCHY ESTATE: GROVE FARM, LENTON-ON-TRENT, NOTTS, WHERE HE WILL REVIVE SHORTHORN CATTLE BREEDING TRADITIONS.

In order to acquire a "stake" in country he has often hunted, and develop stockbreeding, the Prince of Wales has bought Grove Farm, Lenton, near Nottingham, a well-known dairy farm in the Midlands. Lenton is associated with a famous herd of shorthorns, whose traditions he intends to revive. Some of his stock from Marsh Farm, Cornwall, will be transferred thither, including the champion bull, "Diamond Butterfly." The addition of a Midland farm to the Duchy of Cornwall estate is in accordance with historical precedent, as the Duchy lands granted to Edward the Black Prince, as Duke of Cornwall, were scattered all over England. An air view of the Prince of Wales's Canadian ranch appears on the opposite page.

Photograph by Photopress.



THE PRINCE OF WALES BECOMES A HOUSEHOLDER IN COUNTRY HE OFTEN HUNTS: THE ENTRANCE TO GROVE FARM, LENTON, HIS NEW ACQUISITION NEAR NOTTINGHAM.—[Photograph by Topical.]

he was gently acquisitive; and, being spiritually of a generously accommodating turn, he accepted the divorce of Henry VIII., and was duly "tipped" with Church lands. It is an Earl of Cumberland whom we find in 1618 renewing the lease of the Inn.

Some curious rules dating back to the fifteenth century were imposed on members of the old mess. They paid forty pence admission; if they stayed out after the gates had been locked they were fined sixpence; a member paid twopence for the privilege of injuring a table-cloth; and if he was late for dinner he paid a penny. Gambling was forbidden under



The body of Richard II lying in state in St. Paul's, 1400—

further penalties. The Inn was up for auction in 1903, and was then bought by Mr. Willett.

"Down-on-the Farm."

The announcement that the Prince of Wales has bought a Nottinghamshire farm, further to show his interest in the greatest of British industries, should put us in mind of an ancestor of his whose agricultural sympathies were marked enough to win for him the not intentionally flattering title of "Farmer George." But it was not solely because of the King's homely aspect that George III. came to wear that rather encumbering name and style. He really *was* happiest and sanest when among the farmers. If his study of physical science had not been sufficiently profound for him to understand at a glance how the apple got into the dumpling, he could always defend himself by pointing out that the giant intellect of a Newton had been unable to assimilate the fact that mother hen and chicks could use the same doorway. Moreover, if George did not know how the apple got into the dumpling, he knew how to get the dumpling into George. He loved all these old English dishes, and the scenes in which they were most appropriately baked. He liked nothing so much as to wander among his farms and those of his tenants, talking to the hands, asking questions interminably—about the crops, about what the poor man paid for rent, about his cattle if he was his own master, about his master if he served. Once, the greatest of his defenders tells us, he went into the cottage of the old wife of a farm labourer. He found the house empty, but a piece of meat hung by a string over the fire. George turned the joint, and, going off again, left a note and five guineas "to buy a jack."

"It was not splendid," says Thackeray, "but it was kind and worthy of Farmer George."

George II. was a soldier; George III. a farmer; George IV. was neither one thing nor the other. So that he could not make the pleasantly alliterative confession of Mr. Osbert Sitwell, who, in a work of reference, owns to having "fought in Flanders and farmed with father."

The East Goes West.

Lord Irwin has just opened the new Parliament of India at Delhi. No other city can have marked the spot of so long a succession of civilisations as this Capital of the Mogul. The first of these eras carries us back to 1500 B.C. From then till the British policeman in India stopped further fighting, ambitions have risen up and powers have been established, only to be broken and to surrender to younger forces. "M. Caesar Fredericke, Marchant of Venice," as rendered in Hakluyt by "M. Thomas Hickrocke," in describing his journeys alludes to one of these recurring eruptions of men's ambitions. Having alluded to the oppressor of Orisa, he goes on to console contemporary humanitarians with the information that this "tyrant was conquered by another tyrant, which was the great Mogul king of Agra, Delhi, and of all Cambaia."

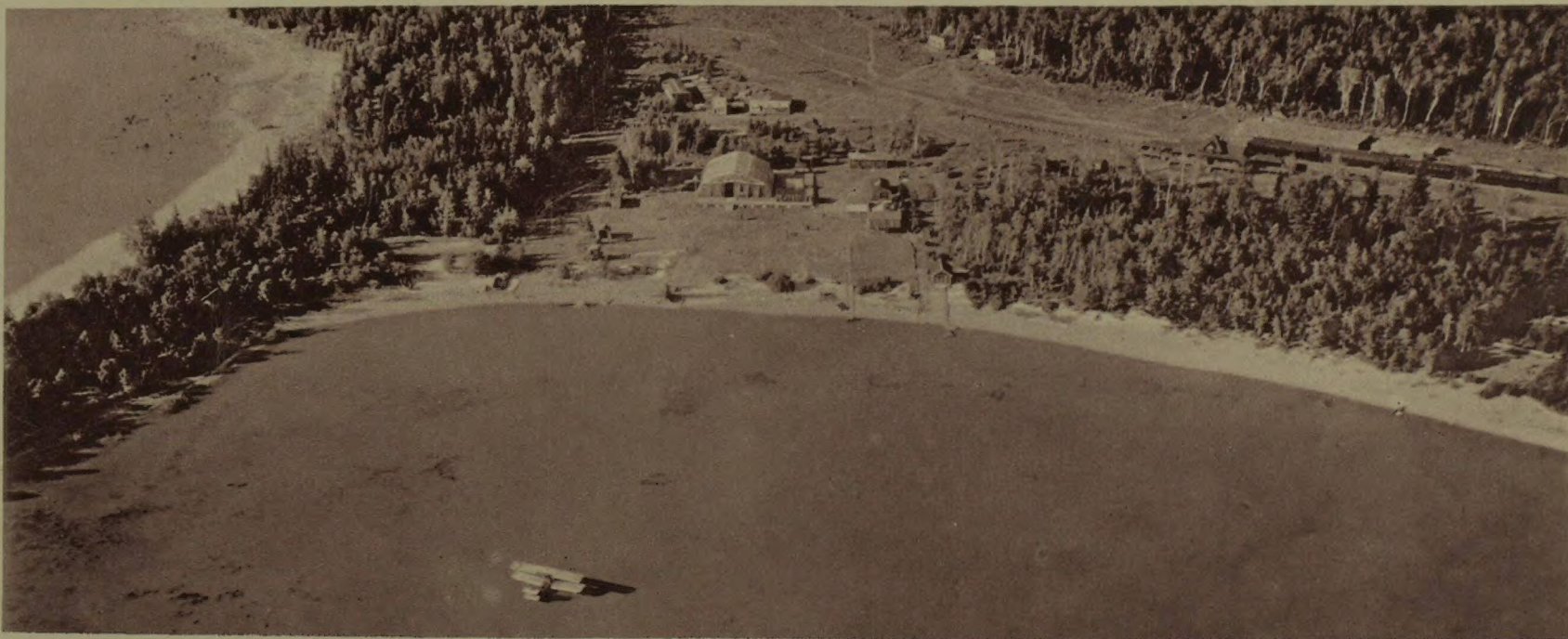
The thought of Parliament on an English model takes a little more glow and colour from the gorgeous East. Once again an older world yields to a younger. In the new "House" there will be speeches and more speeches, even if members talk through their turbans instead of, as in this country, through their hats. There are numbers of the dearest old ladies in Great Britain who, putting down their crochetting needles for a moment, still give way to panic at the thought of India's measure of political liberty. My only fear is that our "Great Dependency," as they say who talk thus, may resent a frightful new oppression—the oppression that is imposed by the necessity of reading more political speeches than ever. Then indeed will the East "go West."

TO BE SHOWN IN A DIORAMA: THE PRINCE'S CANADIAN RANCH.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE DEPARTMENT OF NATIONAL DEFENCE (CANADA) AIR SERVICE.



FOR COMPARISON WITH HIS NEWLY ACQUIRED ENGLISH FARM IN NOTTINGHAMSHIRE (SEE OPPOSITE PAGE): THE PRINCE OF WALES'S CANADIAN RANCH ON THE HIGHWOOD RIVER, AMONG THE FOOTHILLS OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS IN WESTERN ALBERTA, AS SEEN FROM THE AIR.



TYPICAL FOREST AND LAKE COUNTRY IN CANADA, WHERE THE PRINCE OF WALES HAS A RANCH: THE ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE STATION AT VICTORIA BEACH, LAKE WINNIPEG, MANITOBA—A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM AN AEROPLANE DURING AN AIR SURVEY OF THE DOMINION.

It is interesting to compare the farm at Lenton just bought by the Prince of Wales, and illustrated on the opposite page, with the ranch he has owned for some three years in Canada, seen above in a photograph taken from the air. In this connection it may be noted that the Prince recently inspected the dioramas of the Dominions at the Imperial Institute, and authorised one to be made of his Canadian ranch. Several of the existing dioramas were lately reproduced in our pages. The Prince's ranch, which he visited during his tour in Canada in 1924, is known as the E.P. (Edward Prince) ranch, and is picturesquely situated on the Highwood River, at Pekisko, near Calgary, among the foothills of the

Rocky Mountains. The ranch house, originally a plain log building, was renovated and enlarged for the Prince. It was covered with weather-boards, the roof was shingled, and an additional wing was built. Both the house and the out-buildings were brought up to date, and supplied with electric light. During his visit the Prince held a sale of bloodstock, so that the valuable strains represented in his foundation stock might be maintained and increased. Thus the E.P. Ranch fulfils its purpose, as an agency to improve the stock on Canadian ranches, just as the Prince's new farm in Nottinghamshire is intended to raise the level of stock-breeding in the Midlands.

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

THE WORKERS' THEATRE (A SUGGESTION).—BILLY MERSON AND ANNIE CROFT.

TO Sir Oswald Stoll, a man of enterprise, a friend and, by virtue of the excellent entertainment proffered in his numerous theatres and picture-houses, a benefactor of the people, I would impart an idea that may appeal to him.

It came to me one recent Saturday morning when, in the fine Opera House bearing his name, I witnessed a series of highly instructive educational

to 30s."—if he furthermore published a tentative repertory (easily compiled); if, after a round robin to well-known actors (who would receive a fair *cachet* for their services), he could announce the names of those willing to serve the good cause (and they would be legion); if, with the publicity organisation at his command, he would make the new departure known *urbi et orbi*—would he not share with me the expectation that the response would be immediate and wide?

His very name would warrant such auspicious issue, for he is a proved leader of the public; the visitors to his variety theatres and kinemas alone would form the nucleus of a steady *clientèle*. And there are thousands—nay, myriads—of people in London who would patronise the Workers' Theatre, because to them it would mean a happy Sunday afternoon and an opportunity to see interesting plays at an outlay "beyond the dreams of avarice."

Nor is my idea chimerical. I repeat: in Paris, under Gémier, Le Théâtre Populaire is an established institution. In Berlin the Arbeiter Theater has reopened with post-war energy. What has been acclaimed in these capitals can be attained here, if but a Man will take the matter in hand. Sir Oswald Stoll is that man: he has but to say the word and he will find many enthusiasts—like myself—ready to further a movement that will come as a "boon and a blessing" to all sorts and conditions of men and women in world-wide London.

"My Son John," *qua* music, is one of the best, perhaps the very best, in town. I could not resist hearing it again during a week barren of first nights. This Oscar Straus has a charming gift of melody that creates *Stimmung* and lingers in the ear. As I write, my pen seems to run to the strain of the *Leitmotif*, as romantic as it is captivating. And then there is that lovely song, "John o' Dreams," sung with all her heart by Annie Croft; and later on that significant tilt at "jazz," the quartette of "I like the Polka Best"—which I feel sure will bring the polka back to the dancing-floor. We had almost forgotten the polka; we remembered it, perhaps, as something old-fashioned and stilted. And look now that it is sung and danced by four masters of their art—Billy Merson, Betty Chester, Annie Croft, and Reginald Sharland! It is as fresh as paint, as frolicsome as the gayest "syncopated"; something that conveys the joy of living without the stridency and cacophony of the fox-trot. Straus, it may be said, has found the golden mean of modernising light music. He does not disdain the form that comes from America—indeed, he interweaves jazz into his orchestration—but he chastens its method, renders it insinuating instead of paroxysmal. He is a musician

the ages, and is still the sheer delight of every man and woman endowed with a musical ear. His music, like that of his immortal namesake, Johann Strauss, affects the hearer like an electric coil: even if you are not a dancer, your feet begin to fidget. It is a delightful sensation.

But there are other joys in "My Son John" than music. There is a chorus so bewitching that the late lamented Mr. Paris would have great difficulty in the allotment of his notorious apple. And well-trained they are too, these charming girls; and for once you can actually hear what they say. There are the principals, the stately Vera Pearce, the ever-nimble, 'cute and lively Betty Chester; the pleasant-voiced and agreeable *jeune premier*, Reginald Sharland; and the "unknown singer" who warbles Verdi with exquisite high notes and makes light of the most difficult *fiorituri*.



"THE LODGER," A FILM AFTER THE NOVEL BY MRS. BELLOC LOWNDES: THE LODGER (IVOR NOVELLO) ESCAPES AFTER HAVING BEEN ARRESTED AND HANDCUFFED, BUT IS RECOGNISED BY THE MOB AND NEARLY LYNCHED BEFORE THE POLICE CAN SAVE HIM.—[Photograph by Courtesy of Gainsborough Pictures.]

films—a new movement of great portent. Sir Oswald, I mused, might do for the drama what the newly-formed company is achieving for the kinema with such conspicuous success. He, whose largesse is proverbial, might bestow on London a bounty possessed by all Continental countries, large and small, from France and Germany to Belgium and the Netherlands, but hitherto denied to England—"A Workers' Theatre." A theatre where, on Sunday afternoons, when the Opera House is mostly vacant till six o'clock, the lover of the play whose purse is limited could witness performances of the universal drama at such prices as could be afforded by the labourer as well as the more leisured classes.

Shortly before the war I saw in Berlin, in a theatre specially constructed for the purpose, excellent productions of German classics, from Goethe to Hauptmann, for "three-pence"; and never shall I forget the enthusiasm of the crowd, which, like myself, spent hours of joy and elevation.

Having regard to our theatrical conditions, notably the cost of labour, I would not expect a threepenny theatre in London—it could not live on such a paltry tithe. But exist—nay, flourish—it can, I contend, on the nimble "tanner" in the gallery, increasing to, say, three shillings for a stall; and I feel inmosty convinced that there would be an immense public for such an enterprise—and unanimous support from the stars to the humblest member of the theatrical profession.

If Sir Oswald sent forth the message: "There will be, on a given number of Sundays, special matinées for the people of notable plays selected not merely from English dramatic literature, but from the cosmopolitan drama. These plays will be produced and acted by efficient members of the theatrical profession. There will be a dozen of such performances during the year at subscriptions for the twelve from 3s.

to his finger-tips, and, if he writes for the international market, he never forgets the traditional technique of his art—that Viennese school which, since the days of Suppé, Johann Strauss, Millöcker, has survived



HOW THE BEAR TRAIT CAME TO COUNT MICHAEL SCHEMET: A BEAR FRIGHTENS HIS MOTHER—IN THE RUSSIAN FILM, "THE MARRIAGE OF THE BEAR."

Count Michael Schemet's mother is frightened by a bear, with the result that her son has a bear trait in his character which periodically makes him the terror of the neighbourhood. "The Marriage of the Bear" is the first Russian film to be exhibited in England since the war. It was shown privately at the London Hippodrome the other day.

There are, last but not least, Billy Merson, the vital spark of the show, and Annie Croft, its fairy. What a find she is, this capital, versatile little artist! What a pleasure it is to see her dance with those exquisitely shaped, lithe limbs of hers! How she acts with all her heart and soul and sheds joy with her smiles as well as with her eyes! With Evelyn Laye and Cecily Courtneidge, she forms the pick of the musical comedy bunch. As for Billy Merson, that dear little comedian, the only one to approach—nay, to vie with—the late Edmund Payne, we can hardly say when we like him best; when he, diminutive compared with his fellow-players, sprints across the stage like a merry imp, or whether, as the Prince of Albania, he now mocks royalty in all it stands for in the comic history of fantastic kingdoms, or dwarfs his few inches in mortal tribulation lest he be found out. Billy Merson, like a very few other comedians, has a knack of rendering fear and anxiety a fine art of pleasure. He depicts trouble with a sense of humour—which, as most of us have our worries in the daily walk of life, teaches us an excellent object lesson. Laugh at *contretemps*, and the world will smile upon you. And everything Merson does is as quaint, as original, as it is perfect. At last he has found the right part to bring out his versatility in all directions, and overflowing houses go to prove that this latest recruit among our managers is one who has come to stay.



THE FILM "HOTEL IMPERIAL": ANNA SEDLAK (MISS POLA NEGRI) SEES HER CHANCE TO ESCAPE FROM THE DRUNKEN GENERAL JUSCHKIEWITSCH (GEORGE SIEGMANN), DURING THE RUSSIAN "DRIVE" INTO HUNGARY AT THE TIME OF THE GREAT WAR.—[Photograph by Courtesy of Paramount Pictures.]

A FARQUHAR REVIVAL: "THE BEAUX' STRATAGEM," AT HAMMERSMITH.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STAGE PHOTO CO.



THOMAS AIMWELL, HAVING FEIGNED ILLNESS, IS INTRODUCED TO LADY BOUNTIFUL'S HOUSE: MRS. SULLEN, DORINDA, AIMWELL, ARCHER, LADY BOUNTIFUL, AND GIPSY (LEFT TO RIGHT).



AIMWELL AND ARCHER CONFOUND THE HIGHWAYMEN AT LADY BOUNTIFUL'S: AIMWELL, HOUNSLOW AND BAGSHOT, DORINDA, LADY BOUNTIFUL, GIBBET, SCRUB, MRS. SULLEN, AND ARCHER.



SQUIRE SULLEN AND MRS. SULLEN AGREE TO SEPARATE: SULLEN, AIMWELL, SIR CHARLES FREEMAN, ARCHER, MRS. SULLEN, AND DORINDA.




CONFIDENCES IN MRS. SULLEN'S BEDCHAMBER: MISS PHYLLIS KONSTAM AS DORINDA AND MISS EDITH EVANS AS MRS. SULLEN.




THE HIGHWAYMAN SHOWS HIS BOOTY: MR. NIGEL PLAYFAIR AS GIBBET AND MISS DOROTHY HOPE AS CHERRY.

Farquhar's comedy, "The Beaux' Stratagem," has been revived at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, and bids fair to meet with considerable success, not only for its wit, but for the admirable manner in which it is produced and played. The piece was first presented in 1707, with Cibber as Gibbet, Mills as Aimwell, Wilks as Archer, Mrs. Bradshaw as Dorinda, and Mrs. Oldfield as Mrs. Sullen; but, as Mr. Nigel Playfair explains, "for no better reason than that of urgent personal convenience, the characters in this revival appear in costumes of a later date than that of the original production, but belonging to that period in which

the play was perhaps most often acted and most popular." The story, it may be recalled, is that of Thomas Aimwell and Francis Archer, gentlemen of broken fortunes, and their amorous adventures with Mrs. Sullen, the wife of the sottish Squire Sullen, and Dorinda, her sister-in-law. At Hammersmith, Mr. Carleton Hobbs is Aimwell; Mr. George Hayes, Archer; Mr. James Whale, Squire Sullen; Mr. Nigel Playfair, Gibbet; Mr. Scott Russell, Boniface; Mr. Miles Malleon, Scrub; Miss Winifred Evans, Lady Bountiful; Miss Phyllis Konstam, Dorinda; Miss Dorothy Hope, Cherry; and Miss Edith Evans, Mrs. Sullen.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



THE BLESSED WORD "ROCK-SALMON."

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

ALAMENT has recently been made concerning our neglect of useful and nourishing fish-food, a neglect arising out of pure prejudice. And that complaint seems to be really justified. In olden days, those living inland could rarely obtain any but fresh-water fish. And these, as the old monastic

be called a very large dog-fish. Until recent years the only use made of sharks was as a source of "shagreen," which is furnished by the skin. Though it is still used, the demand for this is now much less than formerly. The skate differs from the dog-fish in the enormous development of the breast-fins, which have developed a huge amount of muscular tissue, far exceeding in weight the rest of the body. It is these fins which are eaten. In the dog-fish the flesh of the trunk alone is eaten.

The blessed word "rock-salmon" is made to cover a multitude of sins. The "wolf-fish," or *Anarrhichas lupus*, known also as the

"sea-cat" (Fig. 1), is one of these. It is a gigantic blenny, attaining a length of as much as six feet. The names "wolf-fish" and "cat-fish" are certainly not inviting labels for a food-fish, but, apart from these, it must be admitted that in appearance it

pious fraud is most emphatically justified in all such cases, for the flesh of these creatures is not only extremely palatable, but also extremely nourishing. We eat pork with relish: yet the pig is a foul feeder. These fish with opprobrious names, and sometimes uninviting appearance, are, on the other hand, extremely cleanly feeders.

That beauty and palatability by no means go together is shown in the case of our "wrasses," of which we have seven species. Their coloration is extremely vivid and undoubtedly beautiful, the dominant hues being bright blue, green, and red, in varying combinations and degrees of intensity. Such splendour should, however, suffice to put us on our guard. For these are emphatically "warning" colours, indicating nauseous qualities.

As a matter of fact, the wrasses are not only useless as human food, but, so far as is known, not even other carnivorous fishes will eat them. When the Cornish anglers catch them, they at once throw them overboard, where, owing to some derangement of the air-bladder consequent on their removal from the water, they must perforce lie on the surface of the sea helpless till they die. Not even the gulls, which swoop down when they see something thrown from the boat, will touch them. Now, this being the case, how is it that these fish do not scour the seas in swarms? What is the check which Nature imposes on their numbers?

Finally, I come to the "John Dory" (Fig. 2).

It is not an attractive-looking fish seen on the fishmonger's slab, and, though extremely palatable, is not much in demand. Yet, alive, as may be seen in the "Zoo" Aquarium, it possesses extraordinary interest. Watch it stalking a victim. Seen "end on," it is no more than a dark line, and it would almost seem to be aware of this fact. For it now no longer swims after the usual fashion, but progresses extremely warily by means of the rapid vibratory movements of its second dorsal and anal fins. And so it manages to creep nearer and nearer to its unsuspecting prey. At last the huge mouth is suddenly opened, and automatically its "lips" shoot forward, forming a great tube down which the coveted morsel instantly disappears. There is evidently a feeling of excitement about this stalking, for at such times the "John Dory's" sides glow with colours not seen at any other time.

The very long first dorsal fin and the extreme mobility of the eyes are valuable aids in these hunting expeditions. So silently does it hunt, and so little commotion does it make in the water, that it will seize one from a shoal of fishes without alarming the rest in the slightest, whereas the charge of a more active marauder would scatter the shoal right and left.

Enough has now been said to make it apparent that we might, with profit, make a few experiments as to the palatability of some of our commoner fishes, both fresh and salt-water. This would not only

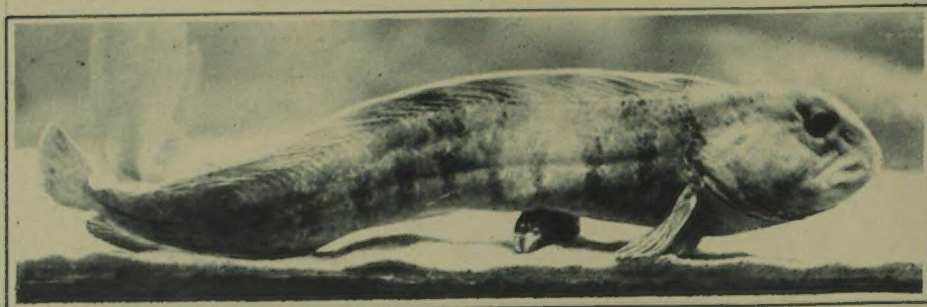


FIG. 1.—UNPREPOSSESSING, BUT VERY PALATABLE: THE WOLF-FISH, OR SEA-CAT, SOLD AS "ROCK-SALMON" AFTER REMOVAL OF THE HEAD AND SKIN.

The "Wolf-fish," or "Sea-cat," is a gigantic blenny attaining to a length of as much as six feet. Skinned and decapitated, it appears on the market as "Rock-salmon."

fish-ponds show, were assiduously cultivated. Carp seem to have been specially favoured; perhaps because they thrive best in still waters. They were not, however, taken fresh from the pond to the kitchen, but were transferred to "stews," where, after constant changes of water and a liberal diet of boiled grain or other fattening material, they were prepared for the fast days. But who eats carp nowadays? Yet on the Continent not only the carp, but many others of our despised fresh-water fish, are highly valued as food. Is this difference due to our more refined taste, or to the superior methods of cooking prevailing abroad?

In the matter of sea-fishes we are no less fastidious. Our fishmongers' shops display round about a dozen species for our choice. This, no doubt, is largely explained by the fact that these are to be had in abundance the year round, since they can be taken in enormous numbers by our fishing fleets. Others—say, round about another dozen species—are exposed for sale with some frequency. These are not taken in large numbers, and are only to be had at certain seasons and on certain parts of the coast, mostly off the southern ports and fishing villages.

Some years ago, when on a delightful holiday in Cornwall, I spent some little time in wandering among the fish markets. The pilchard fishery interested me immensely. Enormous quantities of this fish were being packed in barrels for export; but it seemed that none were sold for home consumption—at any rate, in a fresh state. We esteem, apparently, only the immature fish, known as the "sardine." The sardine, however, is rarely taken by the Cornish fishermen, since they are not suited to the Cornish trade. We owe these delectable morsels, preserved in oil, to the industry of the French. Every day, enormous numbers of skate and dog-fish were landed at the fish market of Looe, and they were destined, I found, for the fried-fish shops of our great cities. But the dog-fish (Fig. 3) never arrive as such. They are skinned, and dispatched as "rock-salmon." For who would knowingly eat "dog-fish"? Here, again, we find the restraining hand of prejudice. Call them "rock-salmon," and they are voted delicious! I have never eaten one, but I cannot see why they should not be at least as good as skate. Now, this is saying a great deal. For I have, many a time, eaten skate; and, properly cooked, there are few fish I like better. They are delicious, and form extremely nourishing food. I would rather, any day, eat skate than that abomination of the table, "salt cod"! It is that opprobrious name "dog-fish" which has wrought the mischief.

Though shark-fins are esteemed a delicacy by the Chinese, I cannot say whether the shark's flesh is eaten anywhere. Probably it would be tough, and somewhat strong. But this is mere guess-work; for there is no possible dividing line between the shark and the dog-fish. The latter may be called a small shark, or the shark may, with equal accuracy,

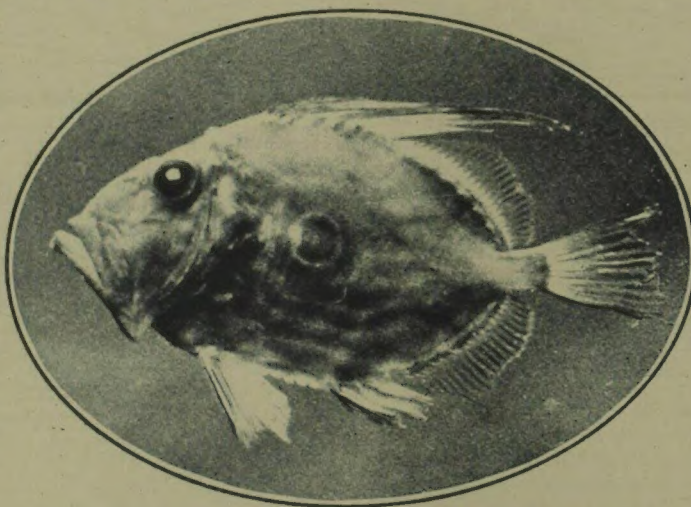


FIG. 2.—WITH MOBILE EYE AND EXTENSILE LIPS, A CUNNING STALKER: THE JOHN DORY, GOOD TO EAT AND INTERESTING TO WATCH AT THE "ZOO."

The John Dory is really a most palatable fish, though not altogether inviting in appearance. While hunting it swims by the rapid vibrations of the two fins, one immediately above, the other below, the tail.

is about as repulsive a creature as one could well imagine. Long-bodied, with a slimy skin and an enormous head, it looks anything but a table delicacy. And the final touch to its repellent appearance is furnished by its great protruding fangs. The mouth, inside, is provided with most powerful crushing teeth, having flattened surfaces and an almost circular contour. But these should allay all misgivings as to the edibility of this fish. For they indicate a diet of shell-fish, innocuous enough surely. Sea-urchins, lobsters, and crabs are also greedily eaten. The wolf-fish is a northern fish, extending from Iceland and Greenland to the North Sea as far south as the Dogger Bank. Yet it would be unsaleable were it not made "presentable" by the removal of its head. By taking this precaution, fishmongers sell large numbers every year. This

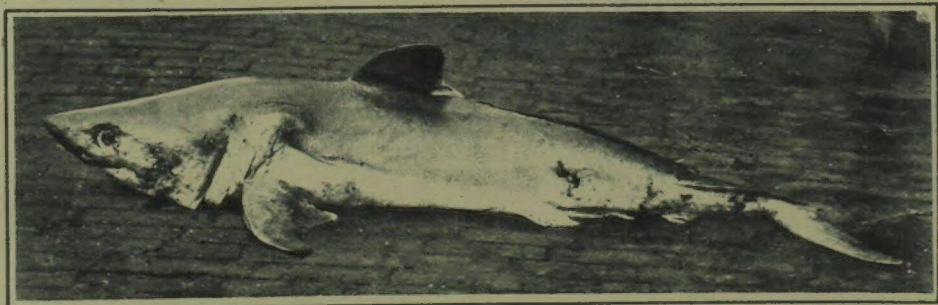


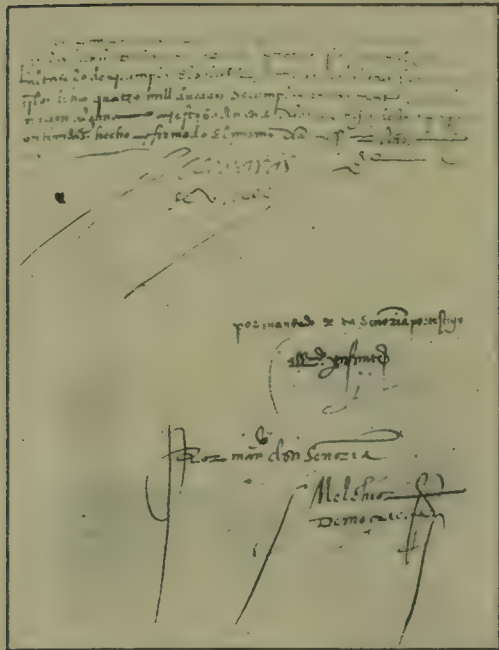
FIG. 3.—ONE OF THE FISH SOLD AS "ROCK-SALMON": THE TOPE—A LARGE DOG-FISH OFTEN CAUGHT OFF CORNWALL.

The Tope (*Galeus vulgaris*) is a large dog-fish measuring between five and six feet in length, common on the Cornish coast. Its teeth are conspicuously large and sharp. It is now largely used for food, though always offered as "Rock-salmon."

enlarge our menus, but also relieve the strain on the demand for the more popular "food-fishes." We might also profit by a few cookery lessons from our Continental neighbours, who eat with relish many fish that we despise.

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEW ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY P. AND A., SPORT AND GENERAL, W. WHIFFIN, AND FARRINGTON PHOTO. CO. DRAWINGS OF MARS BY A. E. DOUGLASS, UNIVERSITY OF ARIZONA.



AN INTERESTING DISCOVERY AMONG SPANISH ARCHIVES AT SEVILLE: THE WILL OF HERNANDO CORTES, THE CONQUEROR OF MEXICO—SIGNATURES.



A SAFE PLACE FOR A SAFE—IN THE OUTSIDE WALL OF A THEATRE? THE SAFE OF THE GOLDERS GREEN HIPPODROME, PLACED IN FULL VIEW OF PASSERS-BY.



A FAMOUS LONDON THEATRE DISAPPEARING: THE EMPIRE, WHICH LATELY HELD ITS "LAST NIGHT."



SIGNS OF VEGETATION, ON MARS: NEW DRAWINGS OF THE PLANET MADE FROM ARIZONA DURING ITS RECENT APPROACH—LEFT TO RIGHT—(1) 13 OCT., 1926. 5 H. 55 M. GREENWICH CIVIL TIME. SEEING, 8 TO 9. POWER 225. APERTURE 13 IN. LONGITUDE ON MARS 114 DEGREES. (2) 2 NOV., 1926. 5 H. 9 M. GR. CIVIL TIME. SEEING, 8-9 (RED GLASS. POWER 225. APERTURE 13 IN. LONGITUDE ON MARS 287 DEGREES. (3) 3 NOV., 1926. 2 H 18 M. GR. CIVIL TIME. SEEING 7. POWER 225 APERTURE 13 IN. LONGITUDE ON MARS 236 DEGREES.



WINTER SPORT IN LONDON: A GROUP OF ENTHUSIASTIC TOBOGGANERS ON HAMPSTEAD HEATH, WITH SLEDGES OF A ROUGH-AND-READY TYPE, DURING A RECENT SHORT-LIVED FALL OF SNOW.



FROM MOSCOW TO OSLO ON SKI: RUSSIAN SKI-RUNNERS—(L. TO R.) VASILJEV, NEMUCHIN, SEVIN, AND DEMENTJEV—AT STOCKHOLM ON THE WAY.

The will of Cortes, signed on October 12, 1547, was discovered among archives of the College of Notaries at Seville, by a Jesuit, Father Mariano Cuevas.—The manager of the Golders Green Hippodrome says: "Always put your safe where the thief can get it; otherwise he will ruin your doors by breaking them down."—The Empire Theatre is to be replaced by a new cinema palace, and its end was celebrated on January 23 on the last night of "Lady, Be Good." The Prince of Wales was in a box, and another was occupied by Mlle. Genée, the dancer.—In sending us the above drawings of Mars, made at the Steward

Observatory, University of Arizona, Mr. A. E. Douglass writes: "The drawings illustrate the extensive markings in the southern hemisphere of Mars, visible at the opposition just closed. Both the pronounced green colour of these dark markings and their great development in southern latitudes, following the melting of the south polar cap, agree perfectly with the theory that they are vegetation. Numerous photographs with infra-red light confirm the results of 1924 that Mars has an extensive atmosphere. The 'seeing' mentioned is the excellence of the atmospheric steadiness estimated on a scale of ten."—[Copyrighted in U.S. and Canada.]



SHOWING THE HONG KONG AND SHANGHAI BANK (THE LARGE DOMED BUILDING, THE "NORTH CHINA DAILY NEWS" OFFICES (MIDDLE DISTANCE) AND CUSTOMS LANDING STAGE; THE BUND AT SHANGHAI

TO PROTECT BRITISH LIVES

PHOTOGRAPHS BY E. A. PRINCE, P. AND A. NEWS ILLUSTRATIONS, C.N. S.W.A.



READY FOR ACTION IN ANY EMERGENCY: MEMBERS OF THE SHANGHAI SCOTTISH-BELONGS TO THE VOLUNTEER CORPS.

AND PROPERTY IN CHINA'S CHIEF PORT: THE SHANGHAI DEFENCE FORCE.

REAGAN, CENTRAL PRESS, TOPICAL, AND PHOTOGRAPH. PLAN OF SHANGHAI FROM THE "DIRECTORY AND CHRONICLE FOR CHINA, JAPAN, AND STRAITS SETTLEMENTS." PUBLISHED BY THE "HONG KONG DAILY PRESS."



CALLED OUT ON THE OCCASION OF A RECENT RIOT AT SHANGHAI: SOME OF THE ARMoured CARS OF THE SHANGHAI VOLUNTEER CORPS.



A HUGE INDUSTRIAL AREA LARGELY BROUGHT INTO BEING BY BRITISH ENTERPRISE: A RIVERSIDE VIEW IN THE HEART OF SHANGHAI, THE CHIEF PORT OF CHINA.



IN COMMAND OF THE SHANGHAI DEFENCE FORCE: MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN DUNCAN.



THE LOCAL GEOGRAPHY OF SHANGHAI: A STREET PLAN OF THE NORTHERN AND EASTERN DISTRICTS ON A SMALLER SCALE, INCLUDING THE NORTHERN, WESTERN, AND



OF THE FOREIGN SETTLEMENT, AND (INSET) A SKETCH PLAN OF THE WHOLE SETTLEMENT GENERAL DISTRICTS, THE FRENCH EXTENSION, AND THE CHINESE CITY.



APPOINTED CHIEF OF STAFF OF THE SHANGHAI DEFENCE FORCE: COLONEL VISCOUNT GORT, V.C.



THE "JOLLIES" LIVE UP TO THEIR NICKNAME: CHEERY MARINES WAITING TO EMBARK AT PORTSMOUTH IN THE "MINNESOTA," WHICH WAS DELAYED BY FOG.



ONE OF THE SHIPS CHARTERED AS TRANSPORTS TO CARRY TROOPS TO CHINA: THE UNION CASTLE LINER "KINFAUNS CASTLE" TOWED INTO SOUTHAMPTON.

The War Office announced on January 25 that the troops under orders for China, to be known as the Shanghai Defence Force, would be under the command of Major-General John Duncan, G.O.C. the 54th (East Anglian) Division of the Territorial Army. General Duncan, who won distinction on the Salonika front in the Great War, when he commanded the 22nd Division in Macedonia, had previously served in the South African War and on the North-West Frontier of India. He arranged to sail from Liverpool in the "Megantic" on January 25, and expects to reach Shanghai on February 26. Before leaving London he said: "Remember that we are only going to protect British men and women and British property." Similarly a Foreign Office statement said: "The naval and military dispositions made in connection with China are precautionary. . . . There has been no modification of the conciliatory attitude towards the legitimate aspirations of Chinese Nationalism." It was stated that there was no intention at present of appointing a "Commander-in-Chief" in China, as such an



WEARING GAS-MASKS OF A NEW TYPE GIVING THEM A WEIRD APPEARANCE: MARINES UNDER ORDERS FOR CHINA DOING RESPIRATOR DRILL AT EASTNEY.



COLDSTREAMERS WHO HAVE VOLUNTEERED TO SERVE WITH THE 2ND BATT. COLDSTREAM GUARDS IN THE SHANGHAI FORCE: VOLUNTEERS OF THE 1ST BATTALION REACH WELLINGTON BARRACKS.

appointment, would indicate a state of war, which does not exist and is not anticipated. On January 25 some 300 officers and men of the 3rd Coldstream Guards, at Aldershot, who had volunteered for service in China with the 2nd Battalion, already under orders, arrived in London and went to Wellington Barracks. They were followed later by a detachment of Volunteers from the 1st Battalion. The 12th Battalion of Royal Marines wanted to embark at Portsmouth on January 24 for China, but their transport, the "Minnesota," which had been re-fitting at Antwerp, was delayed by fog in the Scheldt, and their departure was postponed to the next day. Meanwhile, at Shanghai the authorities of the Foreign Settlement have taken steps to put it into a state of defence. The Shanghai Volunteer Corps, formed in 1854, is a well-armed independent force with a strength of about 1500, their equipment including armoured cars. Shanghai has been developed mainly through British enterprise. The British population is about 7000, and British capital invested there is some £63,250,000.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

INSULARITY is a character—some consider it a defect—of our race, which leads us to observe the world from the point of view of a piece of land entirely surrounded by water. But our interest is not confined to our own particular "tight little island"; we extend a sympathetic affection to insular folk in general, from "Robinson Crusoe" to "the islanders of Rum-ti-foo"—those

... well-conducted persons who
Enjoy a joke as much as you,
And laugh at it as such.

Our literature teems with island romances, and our Empire-makers have mopped up islands all over the Seven Seas. Certain of our novelists have even found inspiration in the Isle of Dogs.

Two reasons prompt me to begin my paper Odyssey this week with "THE LONELY ISLAND" (Tristan da Cunha), by Rose Annie Rogers; with a Map and Twenty-four Illustrations (George Allen and Unwin; 7s. 6d. net). Firstly "I see by the papers" that Feb. 2 is the next mail date for Tristan, and, as letters and parcels are very infrequent on that speck of volcanic rock in the Atlantic, remoter than "the remote Bermudas," I would say (adapting Mark Antony): "If ye have mails, prepare to post them now." My other reason is more personal, and arises from recollections of a little water-colour sketch of the island done by my father, some time in the 'sixties, I believe, during a voyage as a ship's doctor. Unfortunately, I have no written record of his experiences.

Tristan da Cunha has recently come into notice through the death of its devoted missionary, Henry Martyn Rogers, and the appointment of his successor, the Rev. R. A. C. Pooley. Mrs. Rogers, who accompanied her husband thither in 1922, and shared his work there for three years, during which their son was born, has written a deeply interesting account of the island and its people. She is very modest about her book. "It makes no claim," she writes, "to literary merit. Its aim is merely to describe in familiar terms the daily life of the quaintest and most isolated community in the British Empire." Among the chief events of their sojourn were the building of a church, the visits of the *Quest* and of H.M.S. *Dublin*, and the missionary's explorations, including trips to the adjacent Inaccessible Island and Nightingale Island—adventures not without peril.

It was on Inaccessible Island that Mr. Rogers secured specimens of that unique bird, the "flightless rail," which were sent to the Natural History Museum, and a drawing of which, by Mr. G. E. Lodge, is reproduced from *The Illustrated London News*. Appendices contain Dr. Percy Lowe's description of this bird and others, together with botanical specimens, and a legal study of social customs of the island. Small and remote as it is, Tristan does not lack historical and romantic lore. It contains the grave of a sailor said to be the very man who caught Nelson as he fell mortally wounded in the *Victory*, and one of the island's pastors was a brother of "Lewis Carroll," the author of "Alice in Wonderland." Moreover, Tristan has a real claim to rival "Treasure Island." Its early history was associated with pirates, and their last survivor, who died about 1816, boasted of buried gold, which has still to be discovered.

Botanists will doubtless like to compare the Tristan flora with that charmingly illustrated and described in "WILD FLOWERS OF THE CAPE": A Floral Year, by A. Handel Hamer; with Twelve Colour-plates by Ethel Driscoll and Seventy-nine Line Drawings by Dorothy Levyns (Maskew Miller, Cape Town; Basil Blackwell, Oxford: 21s. net). Having little botany, I must be content to note that both lists include varieties of pelargonium and *oxalis*. The Cape book, however, is not ultra-technical, and can be read with pleasure, as I can testify, by the common or garden ignoramus.

South Africa is famous for its wild flowers, some of which have figured among the many colour illustrations of its natural beauties given recently in this paper. The book, therefore, has a special claim on the attention of our readers. Its interest is not restricted to flowers; there are incidental observations of animal life, such as the way of a snake with a rat (slain by constriction), and the discovery of a Cape grass bird's nest, "a little bit of perfect order among the haphazard stuff which

accumulates near the ground—a little cup containing the magic formula for the renewal of warm-blooded life."

On the social and ethical side much of the book applies as well to England as to South Africa. In a chapter on the protection of wild flowers from wanton and indiscriminate picking, we read: "Very many people do not realise what a flower is, and even magistrates have remarked on the bench that 'it does flowers good to be picked,' and have spoken of unpicked flowers as 'perishing on the veld.' But the wild flower is the organ of reproduction of the plant by seed. . . . It is just as necessary that the breeding season of wild plants should be respected as that of wild animals."

I relapse into insularity with two delightful travel yarns about the South Seas—"THE FURTHER VENTURE BOOK," By Elinor Mordaunt. Illustrated by the Author and from Photographs (Lane; 15s. net), and "LIFE AND LAUGHTER 'MIDST THE CANNIBALS." By Clifford W. Collinson, F.R.G.S. With Twenty-four Illustrations in

altogether too large and draughty for me; my very soul athirst for the little islands kicked off like baby shoes behind me: all the small familiar things of little islands, with the arms of the sea about them."

It is a contrast to turn from the feminine to the masculine mentality as expressed in Mr. Collinson's book; it is like going from a boudoir into the smoking-room; for Mr. Collinson writes in racy, humorous style, with a plentiful admixture of colloquial slang. There was a strong element of the casual in his peregrinations, as in the incident that originally led to his becoming a planter and trader in the South Seas. An hotel acquaintance in Sydney, to whom he had mentioned that he had just landed from Manila, and would like to have a look at the South Sea Islands, replied: "Which? There are quite a lot of them scattered around, you know." The result was an invitation to the Solomons, and a start the very next day for a 2000-mile voyage.

Before leaving Sydney, however, I must retail a little history that may repeat itself during the tour of the Duke and Duchess of York. "Practically the first question fired at any new arrival in Sydney is, 'Well! What do you think of our 'arbour?'" and it is related that when the Prince of Wales visited Sydney in H.M.S. *Renown*, the officers, knowing of old this inevitable question, caused to be hung out large placards which bore this inscription: "Ho! Yus! we like it very much!"

Sydney is also the scene of an amusing chapter describing its effect on a young Polynesian boy whom Mr. Collinson took with him from one of the islands. "When Sai first saw the Zoo elephant, he looked and looked, and then he laughed. . . . 'This fella he no true (real) Master!' . . . It was altogether too big for Sai to believe in, and besides, as he indignantly pointed out, 'He carry 'im one fella tail along front, and one fella tail along be-hind.' . . . We moved on, and came to the lions and tigers. 'My gracious!' exclaimed Sai. 'This puss-cat he big fella too much.'"

Mr. Collinson's entertaining narrative "deals only," he points out, "with a few incidents spread over a period of some years." He knows the island life intimately—its humours and its tragedies. A rich example of the former is the incident when the author sat up by night for Percy the Alligator, robber of hen-roosts, and by mistake "fatally punctured Horace the Pig." Like Crusoe, he had his adventures on a desert island, marooned for a fortnight, although, to be sure, there were several Man Fridays and an English friend with him.

Even the hard-bitten trader and smoke-room raconteur will wax poetical, on occasion, about some tropic isle. Mr. Collinson is moved to rhapsodise on Nauru, now exploited for its phosphates, whose interesting history he tells. "Once upon a time," he writes, "a little island rose dripping, like Aphrodite, from the sea, a submarine mountain peak which just topped the blue waters of the Pacific. I like to imagine that mighty upheaval of the dim past." So he traces its gradual evolution through the coming of the birds, the formation of the phosphates, the growth of vegetation, and, finally, the arrival of man. And now Nauru has been colonised with "Chinese cheap labour," for it was found impossible to work the phosphate fields with natives.

Here ends my "rough island story." Later I must treat of human associations with various other geographical phenomena, in such works as "A YEAR AMONG THE PERSIANS." By E. G. Browne. With a Memoir by Sir E. Denison Ross (Cambridge University Press; 25s.), a new edition of a classic book of travel; "BABUR: DIARIST AND DESPOT." By S. M. Edwardes (Philpot; 6s.), a character-sketch of the founder of the Mogul dynasty in India; "ROUND THE WORLD WITH A DICTAPHONE." By Sir Henry Lunn (Ernest Benn; 10s. 6d.), an up-to-date "grand tour" by a pioneer of modern travel; "ON HIGH HILLS: MEMORIES OF THE ALPS." By Geoffrey Winthrop Young (Methuen; 18s.); "THE NETHERLANDS DISPLAYED." By Marjorie Bowen (Lane; 25s.); and "THE SECOND EMPIRE AND ITS DOWNFALL." Correspondence of Napoleon III. Edited by Ernest D'Hauterive (Hutchinson; 18s. net). These, with sundry other works already mentioned in previous articles, encourage me to think that I shall not yet awhile be "gravelled for lack of matter."

C. E. B.

To Our Readers and Photographers at Home and Abroad.

"THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" has always been famed for its treatment of the various branches of Science. Its archæological articles and illustrations are known throughout the world, and its pages dealing with Ethnology are of equal value. We take this opportunity, therefore, of urging our readers to forward to us photographs of interest in both these branches of Science. Few people visiting the less-known parts of the globe fail to equip themselves with cameras, and these, in particular, we wish to inform that we are glad to consider any photographs—not only those which deal with subjects of current interest, but also those which show curious customs of various nationalities, civilised and uncivilised, their sports, habits, and costumes; in fact, anything of a little-known or unusual character.

We are very pleased to receive, also, photographs dealing with Natural History in all its branches, especially those which are of a novel description. Our pages deal thoroughly with unfamiliar habits of birds, animals, fishes, and insects.

To Archæologists we make a special appeal to send us the results of recent discoveries.

It is well known that "The Illustrated London News" treats all branches of Science in a more extensive way than any other illustrated weekly. Therefore, we urge our readers to send us not only sketches and photographs of important events throughout the globe, but also any photographs of scientific or artistic interest.

We welcome and pay well for all outside contributions published by us, and, in the event of any such contributions not being found suitable for "The Illustrated London News," we will, at the request of the sender, place such contributions in the hands of a reputable distributing agency in order that they may have a chance of being placed elsewhere.

Half-Tone and Line (Hurst and Blackett; 18s. net). Mrs. Mordaunt, who wields as deft a pen in describing the world of fact as she does in fiction, opens her sequel to "The Venture Book" with a sentence that hits the keynote of this present screed. "Mine," she writes "is a quest for little islands. The moment I reach anything in the way of a Continent it seems as though my mental lungs, if one can use such an expression, cease to expand. . . . It is, indeed, as though I were capable only of understanding or writing about the small children of the oceans, feeling them like that—as children—smiling, gay, cruel, and variable, all around me, holding my heart." Here, surely, is the quintessence of insularity.

And so she takes us on a "sentimental journey" through the archipelago of Papua and the Dutch East Indies, with many a vivid word-picture of native life. Here, for instance, is a glimpse of the oversea dominions of King Willow—a village cricket match in the Trobriands. "There are two teams of young women and grown girls. Their bats are barks of wood that I could hardly lift, their balls are made of wood, and larger than ours. But, for all that, they play like professionals; hit like the very blazes; catch the ball from a great height; bowl overhand, and run like the wind." And at the end, leaving Bali, and bidding good-bye to the Pacific, she touches anew the opening note: "Java and Sumatra and Ceylon, wide and shining and beautiful as heaven may be, but

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL, C.N., I.B., CARLO DELIUS, AND ANNAN.



A FLYING MACHINE FITTED WITH MASTS AND SAILS, SO THAT IT CAN BE NAVIGATED SHOULD IT COME DOWN IN THE SEA: A NEW GERMAN MULTI-PLANE THAT IS TO FLY FROM HAMBURG TO AMERICA.



SHOWING COLONEL RICCIOTTI GARIBALDI (1) AND COLONEL MACIA (2): THE TRIAL OF THE SIXTEEN ACCUSED IN THE "CATALAN CONSPIRACY" CASE, IN PARIS.



IN THE CAR IN WHICH HE ATTAINED THE HIGHEST SPEED EVER REACHED BY A MOTOR-CAR: CAPTAIN MALCOLM CAMPBELL DRIVING ON PENDINE SANDS.

The "Catalan Conspiracy" was a separatist plot against the Spanish Government. Colonel Ricciotti Garibaldi and Colonel Macia were each sentenced to two months' imprisonment and a fine of 100 francs. The other prisoners, with the exception of the Italian Rizzoli, were sentenced to a month's imprisonment and a fine of 50 francs. Garibaldi was found "Not Guilty" of complicity in the Catalan plot, but "Guilty" of being in illegal possession of arms. As the accused were so long on remand, it was understood that they would be set at liberty at once.—On January 22 Captain Malcolm Campbell made yet another attempt to break the international motor speed "records" for the flying kilometre and the flying mile. He did not succeed. During his fifth run, on the previous day, he covered 378 of a mile at an average speed of 176.45 miles an hour, the highest speed ever



A FAMOUS FIFTEENTH-CENTURY PALACE RESTORED AND TRANSFORMED INTO AN ART GALLERY: THE CA' DORO, IN VENICE.



MISSING FROM THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS' GALLERIES IN SUFFOLK STREET: "THE PORTRAIT OF AN OFFICER" BY ROMNEY.

travelled in a motor-car.—The new art gallery in the Ca' Doro, Venice, was opened on January 18. The palace in question was built by the Venetian patrician, Marin Contarini, between 1421 and 1434, and it was then called "Domus Aurea," by reason of its gilded façade. By 1894 it was in a most decayed state. It was then bought by Baron Franchetti (who died in December 1922), who restored it admirably, that it might become the home of precious works of art.—Just before the recent opening of the exhibition of the collection of the late Mr. W. A. Coats, at the Royal Society of British Artists, in Suffolk Street, Haymarket, it was found that the Romney illustrated above was missing; and, at the moment of writing, it is thought to have been stolen. The work, which is 23 inches by 19 inches, is valued at £400.

From Eighteenth Century China: Famille Rose.

"THE BOOK OF FAMILLE ROSE." By DR. G. C. WILLIAMSON.*

IN the modesty of his Preface, Dr. Williamson claims no more for his most excellent book than that it is designed to be helpful to students and lovers of porcelain with Famille Rose decoration, by bringing together the facts most likely to interest them. "For the museum and the wealthy collector," he says, "the volume is not specially intended, although in all probability some of its colour plates may be of service in this direction, but it is specially prepared for the small collector, who perhaps has only one cabinet, and who desires to put into it not only what he most readily admires, but what is genuine and worth obtaining, and to do so without an extravagant demand upon his means."

That being so, he begins at the beginning, and, with many a wise word and as many warnings, treats upon fascinating history, ingenuities of handling, and countless styles, until he comes to the intriguing thought that, despite dealers, knock-outs, and know-alls, the discerning amateur may still dig out treasure-trove—notably in such "good" counties as Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, Devonshire, and Somersetshire, and in the remoter parts of North Wales.

The first thing is to define Famille Rose, which, with Famille Verte and Famille Noire, was named by Jacquemart. "All fine Famille Rose decorated ware belongs to two periods. It was made in the reign of Yung Ch'eng and in that of Ch'ien Lung, the former Emperor reigning from 1723 to 1735, the latter from 1736 to 1795. . . . Famille Rose is not the name of a ware. . . . It is a name applied to a system of decoration. . . . The Famille Rose decoration is decoration in which the prominent colour is pink, a pink in various shades, ranging from the very palest possible tone to a deep, strong, brilliant colour, very marked and noticeable. It does not really matter how much pink there is in the decoration, if the pink which has been made from the salts of gold is present, then the pieces are declared to be Famille Rose.

origin of some remarkable and unique pieces of porcelain of the Famille Rose period in which not one trace of rose colour appears. . . . The wonderful Violet service in the collection of Mr. W. Martin-Hurst was evidently obtained by experimenting with an increase of temperature."

So much for Famille Rose, the colour. There are problems of recognition in this; but the riddles are more easily solved than those presented by imitations and classification, especially classification. The spurious can be avoided by the skilled, even though the mimicry be that of the Chinese themselves and as exact as the "cribbing" of that long-famous "Celestial" who, given a pair of patched trousers as a pattern, produced a replica, patch and all! In which connection, a diversion. "The late Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse gave an amusing instance of the Chinese artist's fidelity in copying a drawing or following instructions. He wrote thus: 'In my own possession is a plate belonging to the Guernsey family of Andros. The family ordered a service to be painted with their arms, and for the guidance of the artist sent a pen or pencil drawing of them, with the name of each colour written in the appropriate compartment. The service returned duly painted, but the artist took the words 'red,' 'green,' 'blue' to be part of the decoration, and copied them exactly as written. There they are still to be observed under the enamel, which is never of the right colour."

As to anything like precise classification, that is impossible. A chance for a rough division is offered by the fact that much work was designed for the European market. "Give them what they want," was the rule of the Chinese, as it is of many a mercenary manufacturer of to-day. "A broad distinction can readily be drawn between two classes of Oriental porcelain with Famille Rose decoration," writes Dr. Williamson. "I refer to porcelain painted for the European market and that which was painted for the Chinese themselves. The two classes differ completely from one another. The pieces painted by the Chinese for the European market are very full of decoration. There are innumerable borders on many of the plates; there is elaborate, rich, and varied decoration in the field of the plate, bowl, or saucer; and there is a full scheme of decoration to be seen on the cups and teapots, and various other pieces.

"All this is in striking contrast to the decoration on the pieces especially intended for the Chinese. On the latter there is always to be seen a vast expanse of the ground colour, and the decoration is exceedingly light and simple. . . . The Chinese themselves do not appreciate that which is so highly admired by the European collector, but prefer a far simpler set of designs, and the presence of one flower, spray, or branch is regarded as very superior to the intricate and rich decoration met with in the other group. . . . On some of the pieces, especially interesting to the Chinese collector, there is little or no decoration at all—perhaps a single flower, a moth, a spray of blossom, a peony, or a figure. . . . Fine specimens of porcelain in the Chinese taste . . . are cherished and valued by Chinese collectors, who keep them concealed in silken wrappers, and only show one piece at a time. The Chinese are loth to part with such specimens." Chinese taste and European taste! The only other reasonable way would be, it seems, to divide the porcelain into that which is of eggshell quality and that which is not, and even then there is a betwixt-and-between. Nicer groups might include myriad-flower decoration; birds, with a sub-division for poultry, including the cock, who, represented by a single feather, was often put in Chinese coffins that he might wake the dead early for the journey to the desired place in the underworld; mandarin figures; ruby-backed pieces; specimens with Taoist symbols and figures; representations of the Seven Precious Things—the Golden Wheel, or Disc; the Lovely Females; Horses; Elephants; Divine Guardians of the Treasury; Ministers in Command of Armies; Pearls that Work Wonders. With groups illustrating the four Chinese accomplishments—chess, painting, writing, and music—or the four studies—poetry, ceremonial, history, and music. Failing all these, other "sets" are possible; but most are beyond the ordinary collector, who must buy as he finds. After all, specialisation is for the optimistic expert who is so versed in his trade or hobby that he can boast the power to assemble in ordered array the gems of an individual art, "the art of the able craftsman, who varied his decoration as the fancy and mood pleased him, who was actuated by the intention to produce something that was beautiful in decoration, and who would not be bound down to any definite lines, groups, or classes."

On all such things Dr. Williamson is both enlightening

and entertaining; and he has scores of other notes to make, many of them with unusual facts attendant. He gives the "bones" to his subject as surely as the artificer gave "bones" by the use of the infusible "Kaolin," god-child of the Mountain Kao-ling.

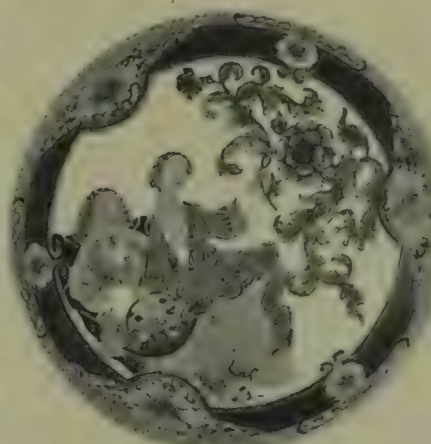
Witness "queer" quotations, relevant and irrelevant. "It is interesting to notice amongst the subjects which Father D'Entrecolles referred to in his letters is that of inoculation for small-pox. . . . Father D'Entrecolles appears to have had great faith in inoculation, which he explains was in regular use in China in his time, and was attended by excellent results."

This in 1722—74 years before Jenner! "Allusion should also be made . . . to the curious manner in which European pictures were either actually copied on porcelain by Chinese artists or used as motives for decoration, doubtless at the express desire of the traders who gave commissions for such work . . . scenes painted by Watteau and Albani appear on porcelain of the Famille Rose period."

"There is sound evidence to support the statement that some few pieces of Oriental porcelain were decorated in Europe, and were actually imported plain for that specific purpose. . . . The work went on in various places. It is said that some of the very earliest painting carried out at Chelsea was on Oriental ware, and the idea of making its own ware sprang from the use of imported porcelain. Certainly there are pieces that have every appearance of having been decorated at Chelsea, the landscapes and birds being exactly similar to those on genuine Chelsea ware, and the colouring not Chinese at all, but fully in the Chelsea taste."

"Sometimes the forger makes a really serious mistake. Old Eggshell cups in Famille Rose were never made with handles. . . . A genuine teacup of Chinese Eggshell porcelain with a handle does not exist. . . . When a teacup has a handle it has certainly been made for the European market, and is, therefore, not a hundred years old. Handles were not in use on teacups in Europe till the end of the eighteenth century, although they did appear on coffee-cups. Mr. Gulland refers to the fact that, in the eighteenth century, people always spoke of 'a dish of tea,' the cups having no handles. They were lifted by the fingers, the first inside, and the thumb and second finger outside the rim. The coffee-cups were the first to be fitted with handles, the porcelain being of sufficient thickness to take them easily."

And so on and so on; which is to suggest in the vaguest manner the scope and the value of "The Book of Famille Rose," a work perfectly illustrated, admirably contrived, and whole-heartedly to be praised. E. H. G.



ENAMELLED WITH THE FIGURES OF A EUROPEAN MAN AND WOMAN IN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY DRESS: A YUNG CH'ENG EGGSHELL SAUCER; 5½ INCHES IN DIAMETER.

(MARTIN-HURST COLLECTION.)

Reproduced from one of the Coloured Plates in "The Book of Famille Rose."



ENAMELLED WITH LOTUS, FLAMINGOES, AND MANDARIN DUCKS: A LARGE CISTERN. (SIR PHILIP SASSOON'S COLLECTION.)

Reproduced from one of the Coloured Plates in "The Book of Famille Rose."

"The colour was a new one. . . . Sometimes it appears a mere fleck in the decoration, sometimes the principal parts of the decoration are pink, sometimes the ground is pink, and there is hardly any of that colour in the reserves or panels; but if there is pink in the decoration, then the ware is declared to belong to this particular period, and it may safely be said that it was made either in the reign of Yung Ch'eng or in that of Ch'ien Lung."

Mark that "either" and "or." Placing cannot be decisive. Dr. Williamson's opinion is that "it is practically impossible to determine, with certainty, whether a piece of porcelain, decorated in Famille Rose, belongs to the reign of Yung Ch'eng or to the early part of that of Ch'ien Lung, unless it happens to be a piece which is marked or dated. . . . A rough rule-of-thumb has been adopted by many collectors to the effect that the pink in the decoration is usually pale in colour in the time of Yung Ch'eng, becoming darker in tint in the next reign."

As to the colour itself—successor to such glories as the green of jade; the blue that is "as the sky after rain when seen between clouds"; the greens that are the colour of distant hills or of the parrot-feather, the onion, or the melon; millet, plum, and cherry, "powdered rubies" and powder-blue, Imperial yellow, and sang-de-bœuf, the sacrificial colour—it was derived from a salt of gold called Purple of Cassius, which yielded "a long range of shades in rose colour, as well as some lovely purple and violet hues that cannot be produced by any other means." "I am informed," continues our authority, "that from the Purple of Cassius the best rose colour is obtained at a temperature of about 800 deg. C., but I have ascertained that between it and 1000 deg. C. every conceivable shade of colour can be obtained. This information explains the

* "The Book of Famille Rose." By Dr. G. C. Williamson. With Nineteen Plates in Colour and Forty-three Plates in Collotype. (Methuen and Co.; £8 8s. net.)



WITH SURFACE ENTIRELY COVERED WITH MILLE-FLEURS DECORATION ILLUSTRATING THE FLORA OF CHINA: A CH'EN LUNG VASE.

(GRANDIDIER COLLECTION; LOUVRE.)

Reproduced from one of the Coloured Plates in "The Book of Famille Rose."

PIQUANT ROSE-COLOUR DERIVED FROM PURPLE OF CASSIUS: FAMILLE ROSE.

REPRODUCTIONS FROM "THE BOOK OF FAMILLE ROSE," BY COURTESY OF THE PUBLISHERS, MESSRS. METHUEN AND CO. (SEE REVIEW IN THIS ISSUE.)



YUNG CHÊNG (1723-1735): AN EGG-SHELL PLATE.
(W. J. HOLT COLLECTION.)



YUNG CHÊNG: A RUBY-BACKED EGG-SHELL PLATE.
(MARTIN-HURST COLLECTION.)



YUNG CHÊNG: AN EGG-SHELL PLATE.
(MARTIN-HURST COLLECTION.)



YUNG CHÊNG: AN UNUSUAL EGG-SHELL PLATE.
(W. J. HOLT COLLECTION.)



CH'ÏEN LUNG (1736-1795): A FINE EXAMPLE OF ONE
OF THE LARGE PIECES CALLED "SOLDIER" VASES.
(HON. MRS. RONALD GREVILLE'S COLLECTION.)



YUNG CHÊNG: AN ELEVEN-INCH DISH.
(MARTIN-HURST COLLECTION.)



CH'ÏEN LUNG: ONE OF A PAIR OF EXTRAORDINARILY
FINE MAZARINE BLUE "SOLDIER" VASES.
(HON. MRS. RONALD GREVILLE'S COLLECTION.)

In the excellent "Book of Famille Rose" it is written: "The particular ware with which these pages concern themselves is known as Famille Rose, because of the prevalence in the colouring of a bright, piquant rose-colour, which was derived from a salt of gold called Purple of Cassius, which gave a distinctive character to the porcelain on which it appeared. . . . It took its name from Andreas Cassius, of Hamburg, a seventeenth-century physician and chemist, who was the first person

to notice it. . . . It is a very remarkable enamel or muffle colour, because from it can be obtained a long range of shades in rose colour, as well as some lovely purple and violet hues that cannot be produced by any other means. . . . All fine Famille Rose decorated ware belongs to two periods. It was made in the reign of Yung Chêng and in that of Ch'ien Lung, the former Emperor reigning from 1723 to 1735, the latter from 1736 to 1795."

NOW BEARING THE WHITE ROSE OF YORK: H.M.S. "RENOWN."

FROM THE WATER COLOUR BY SNAFFLES. (COPYRIGHTED.)



ABOARD THE BATTLE-CRUISER TAKING THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK TO THE ANTIPODES:
THE "RENOWN"—A DECK VIEW, WITH CONTROL TOWER, SIGNALS, AND ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN.

The "Renown" is a ship that has amply lived up to her name. Not content with having carried the Prince of Wales to the Antipodes and other parts of the world, she now has the Duke and Duchess of York on board for a similar purpose. In honour of their presence, the battle-cruiser was re-painted throughout in silver grey, and the outside of the bridge was decorated with their emblem, the White Rose of York. Our illustration shows a

typical scene of workaday life on one of her decks. The "Renown," with the royal travellers, recently entered the Tropics, and by the time this number appears she should have passed through the Panama Canal from the Atlantic into the Pacific. Other ships of the Navy, it may be imagined, must envy her good fortune, and echo the aspiration of Milton: "So were I equalled with them in renown."

THE FLEMISH PICTURE WITH THE MOST CURIOUS HISTORY: A VAN EYCK.



FABLED TO HAVE BEEN USED BY A BRUGES FISH-WIFE AS A CLEANING BOARD, AND SOLD "FOR A SONG" IN THE FISH-MARKET: JAN VAN EYCK'S FAMOUS PORTRAIT OF HIS WIFE, NOW IN THE FLEMISH EXHIBITION AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

Romantic stories associated with various pictures in the great Exhibition of Flemish and Belgian Art, now on view at the Royal Academy, were related in our issue of January 15 by M. Emile Cammaerts. Perhaps the most curious of all concerns this famous work by Jan Van Eyck, a portrait of his wife, lent by the Musée Communal at Bruges. "According to a reliable tradition," writes M. Cammaerts, "this invaluable work—the most treasured possession of the Bruges Museum—was purchased for a paltry sum, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, in the

town's fish-market. There are two versions of this story. According to one, a fishwife, following an old custom, brought this picture with her to market in order to try and sell it to one of her customers. According to another—which appears rather apocryphal, if one considers the size of the panel (only 13 in. by 10½ in.) and its marvellous state of preservation—the fishwife, who was in the habit of cleaning her fish on the back of the picture, lifted it one day to show to one of her clients 'the funny old woman' that was painted at the back."



Painted by H. Dondy Sadler

Painted by H. Dondy Sadler

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Designed by C.O. Murray

"A LOVING TOAST."

Here's to the glory of friendship! How great the
privilege of pledging another all that is worth while
with a ring of sincerity as true as the merits of —

DEWAR'S

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KEYSTONE, L.N.A., C.N., S. AND G., BERESFORD, VANDYK, ELLIOTT AND FRY, AND RUSSELL.



WHERE MR. HOWARD CARTER (BAREHEADED) HAS REOPENED AND INVESTIGATED THE STORE-CHAMBER: KING FUAD (CENTRE, WITH STICK) AND HIS CABINET VISIT THE TOMB OF TUTANKHAMEN.



THE HOME OFFICE ANALYST: THE LATE MR. JOHN WEBSTER.



FAMED IN SPORTING AND POLITICAL CIRCLES: THE LATE VISCOUNT VALENTIA.



A FAMOUS POLITICAL HOSTESS: THE LATE CORNELIA LADY WIMBORNE.



DISCUSSEUR OF AFFAIRS WITH MR. EUGENE CHEN, THE CANTONESE FOREIGN MINISTER IN HANKOW: MR. O. ST. C. O'MALLEY.



THE NEW BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH: THE VEN. CLAUDE MARTIN BLAGDEN.



CHAIRMAN OF THE CENTRAL ELECTRICITY BOARD: SIR ANDREW R. DUNCAN.



A HEAD OF NAVAL SHIP-BUILDING DURING THE WAR: THE LATE ADMIRAL SIR LAURENCE ELIOT POWER.



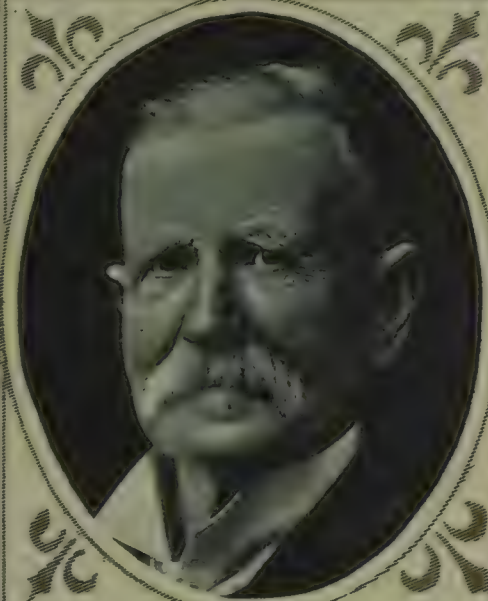
AUTHOR OF "THE CHAMPAGNE STANDARD": THE LATE MRS. JOHN LANE.



NEW CHIEF AGENT TO THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY: MR. LEIGH MACLACHLAN.



COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF ON THE AFRICA STATION: THE LATE VICE-ADMIRAL SIR MAURICE FITZMAURICE.



SOLDIER, ARCHÆOLOGIST, AND POLICE CHIEF: THE LATE GEN. SIR CHARLES WARREN.

There is no need for us to remind our readers of the brilliant work done by Mr. Howard Carter at the Tomb of Tutankhamen. They will remember the remarkable illustrations of the discoveries we have given from time to time, and especially, at the moment, those fine photographs of treasures of the reopened Store Chamber which appeared in our issue of January 22 last.—Mr. O. St. C. O'Malley is Counsellor of Embassy of the British Legation in Peking.—The Ven. Claude Martin Blagden was Archdeacon of Coventry and Rector of Rugby. He is fifty-two.—Sir Andrew Duncan, who was born in 1884, first became generally known as Coal Controller, in 1919-20. His most recent appointment was as Permanent Vice-President of the Shipbuilding Employers' Federation.—Sir Laurence Power did excellent work in connection with the production of shipbuilding for the Royal

Navy. In 1912 he became Captain-Superintendent of Contract-built Ships for the Navy on the Tyne, Thames, Mersey, at Barrow-in-Furness, and at Sunderland. In 1917 he was appointed Director of Dockyards and Repairs, and after the war he was Director of Dockyards.—Mrs. John Lane was the widow of Mr. John Lane, the publisher. She wrote "The Champagne Standard," "According to Maria," "Maria Again," and other books, as well as the words for the American hymn, "To thee, O Country."—Sir Charles Warren held many appointments at various times, amongst them those of Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, and Commander of the 5th Division, South Africa Field Force, 1899-1900. He saw much active service in Africa; and he conducted excavations at Jerusalem and reconnaissance of Palestine for the Palestine Exploration Fund.

"THE HORSE IN THE TIGER'S SKIN": PROBLEMS OF ZEBRA COLORATION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELWIN R. SANBORN, OF THE NEW YORK ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY. (COPYRIGHT.)



ALMOST WHITE IN THE LEGS (LIKE THE TRUE BURCHELL'S VARIETY) BUT HAVING CERTAIN TRACES OF CHAPMANI STRIPES: A CHAPMAN-BURCHELL ZEBRA; WITH ITS FOAL.



WITH THE GREAT OBLIQUE FLANK STRIPES VERY BROAD: GRANT'S ZEBRA (*EQUUS GRANTI*), A SUB-SPECIES OF BURCHELL'S ZEBRA (*EQUUS BURCHELLI*); WITH ITS FOAL.



FULLY STRIPED WITH BLACK AND WHITE EVEN ON THE LEGS: THE TRUE OR MOUNTAIN ZEBRA (*EQUUS ZEBRA*), A MOUNTAIN SPECIES THAT SURVIVED THROUGH THE INACCESSIBILITY OF ITS HABITAT.



SAFE IN ITS HIGHLAND FASTNESSES WHILE ITS RELATIVE, THE TRUE QUAGGA OF THE PLAINS, WAS EXTERMINATED: THE TRUE, OR MOUNTAIN ZEBRA (*EQUUS ZEBRA*)—A COLT.



WITH "GRIDIRON" MARKS ON THE HAUNCHES, AS IN THE TRUE, OR MOUNTAIN ZEBRA: HARTMAN'S ZEBRA (*EQUUS ZEBRA HARTMANI*), WITH MORE WHITE ON ITS BODY.



THE LARGEST EXISTING SPECIES: A FEMALE GRÉVY'S ZEBRA (*EQUUS GRÉVYI*), WITH FINE VERTICAL STRIPES ON NECK AND BODY, AND "GRIDIRON" ON HAUNCHES AND ROOT OF TAIL.

Most people regard the zebra as an animal of one very distinctive kind. In reality there are several species, with a great variety of stripes; although, as the French say: *Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose*. Writing in the Bulletin of the New York Zoological Society, Mr. William K. Gregory says: "Thanks to the inaccessibility of its habitat, the mountain zebra escaped extermination. . . . It is fully striped with black and white, even on the legs. The Cape Dutch recognised three kinds of zebras: (1) The 'wilde paard' (wild horse) or mountain zebra (*Equus zebra*); (2) the true quagga (*Equus quagga*), now extinct; and (3) the striped quagga, comprising zebras of the Burchell group, in Eastern

Africa. . . . The Burchell zebras show remarkable modifications of the colour pattern. . . . In Crawshay's zebra of Nyasaland, and Selous's zebra of Mashonaland, the pasterns in both are black above the hoofs from the fusion of stripes; and the shadow stripes on the flanks and haunches are faint (*selousi*) or completely absent (*crawshayi*). . . . The true typical Burchell's zebra of northern British Bechuanaland has strong shadow stripes on the shoulders, neck, and haunches; the belly, legs, and tail being white. The Chapman's variety is close to the Burchell's, but shadow stripes on the quarters are faint and it has stripes on the lower legs. . . . In recognition of the

[Continued opposite.]

"PLUS ÇA CHANGE—": MANY VARIETIES OF THE ZEBRA AND ITS STRIPES.



WITH WEAK SHADOW STRIPES AND VESTIGES OF "GRIDIRON" PATTERN: A CHAPMAN-BURCHELL ZEBRA.



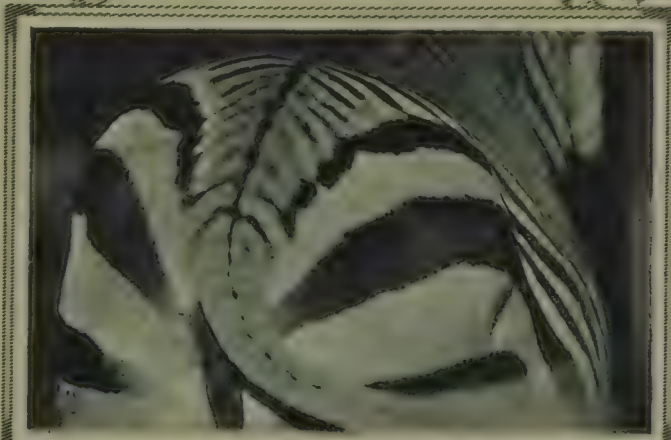
WITH STRONG SHADOW STRIPES: THE HINDQUARTERS OF A CHAPMAN-BURCHELL ZEBRA.



FULLY STRIPED IN BLACK AND WHITE, EVEN ON THE LEGS: THE HINDQUARTERS OF THE TRUE, OR MOUNTAIN ZEBRA.



WITH NO "GRIDIRON" MARKINGS: A CRAWSHAY'S ZEBRA, DIFFERING FROM THE TRUE ZEBRA ON THE BACK AND TAIL.



WITH "GRIDIRON" PATTERN ON THE HAUNCHES: THE HINDQUARTERS OF A HARTMAN'S ZEBRA.



WITH VERY NARROW HINDQUARTERS AND FINE "GRIDIRON" ROUND THE ROOT OF THE TAIL: A GRÉVY'S ZEBRA.



AN EAST AFRICAN SPECIES: THE HEAD OF A CHAPMAN-BURCHELL ZEBRA.



WITH HEAVY SHADOW STRIPES: THE HEAD OF ANOTHER CHAPMAN-BURCHELL ZEBRA.



WITH HEAD-MARKINGS DIFFERENT FROM THE BURCHELL TYPE: A TRUE, OR MOUNTAIN ZEBRA.



WITH SHORTER AND ROUNDER EARS THAN THE TRUE ZEBRA: A CRAWSHAY'S ZEBRA.



WITH MORE WHITE ON THE FACE THAN THE TRUE ZEBRA: A HARTMAN'S ZEBRA.



NOTABLE FOR ITS VERY LONG HEAD AND VERY LARGE EARS: A GRÉVY'S ZEBRA.

Chapman trace in our specimens (i.e., at the New York 'Zoo'), we have decided to label them provisionally 'Chapman-Burchell Zebra—*Equus burchelli*.' The Burchell's series range from the southern border of Abyssinia to the Orange River. . . . They are readily distinguished from the mountain zebra by the absence of gridiron on the haunches. The Burchell's zebras also differ from the mountain zebra in having broader and fewer barrel stripes, while the great oblique flank stripes are very broad, especially in *granti*. The barrel stripes also extend downwards to the median longitudinal belly stripes, and the ears are shorter. . . . Until 1882

the above-described three species of zebra were all that were known. At that time Oustalet described the fourth and northernmost of the chief species and named it Grévy's zebra (*Equus grevyi*). . . . Grévy's zebra is by far the largest of the existing species, as tall as a horse, but with very narrow hind-quarters, very long head, and very large ears. Its most marked characteristics are the large number of fine vertical stripes along neck and body, fine and extensive 'gridiron' on haunches and root of tail, and the fact that, unlike all other zebras, it has no great oblique flank stripes."

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

A Versatile Princess.

Princess Marie Louise, who seems to have been the belle of the ball when she attended the costers'

dance down in the East End, and by her gaiety and sympathy made the affair such a memorable success, is a lady of many interests. One of the chief of these is her club for East End working girls, to which she devotes a great deal of time, and another is nursing. During her visit to the Gold Coast she made a point of inspecting all the hospitals and learning everything about the conditions and terms of the nurses' employment, after which she made several wise and necessary suggestions. She is presiding next month at the dinner to nurses at the Forum Club, of which she is president, when Miss Musson, the first woman chairman of the General Nursing Council, and all the nurses who are Dames will be guests of honour.

On Feb. 7 she will be the guest of honour at a luncheon given by the Lyceum Club, and will tell them something about her adventures on the Gold Coast. Those who heard her talk at the Forum Club on the same subject some months ago will understand that the sister club has a treat in store. The letters she wrote from Africa to Princess Helena Victoria have had a great success in book form, for Princess Marie Louise made the most of her opportunities as the guest of the Governor of the Gold Coast, personally conducted by him through the length and breadth of the country. While she was obviously stored with the most varied information about the land, she selected her material very cleverly and wrote with a light touch.

Miss Mary Ashley.

The announcement of the engagement of Miss Mary Ashley, younger daughter of Colonel Wilfrid Ashley, the Minister of Transport, to Captain A. C. Reid, M.P. for Warrington, was not officially made till last week, but for a considerable time it had been expected by their friends.

Captain Reid, who is thirty-one, and therefore nearly eleven years older than Miss Ashley, did gallantly during the war as an officer in the Royal Flying Corps, and gained the Distinguished Flying Cross. He was for some time Staff Captain to Air-Marshal Sir John Salmond. Two years ago he was Parliamentary Secretary to Colonel Ashley, and it was then, their friends say,

that the romance began, though on account of Miss Ashley's youth they did not become engaged till now, when she is within a few months of her majority. Miss Mary Ashley spent a year at a finishing school on the Continent before making her debut last year. She is a tall, attractive-looking girl with pretty auburn hair, is fond of music, and is a very good dancer. Like her sister, Lady Louis Mountbatten, she inherited a great fortune from her grandfather, Sir Ernest Cassel, though, as the younger of the two girls, her share was the smaller.

A Question of Clothes.

The story of the woman who took her degree in Arts and then became a fully qualified doctor, but decided that she would much rather design pretty clothes than minister to physical ailments, has appealed strongly to many other women. Some, and probably a great many, think that Dr. Hill made a mistake, and that, having spent so many years in serious study, she should have turned it to practical account. But many more than will admit it sympathise with her protest against the ugly clothes that a large number of professional women wear, and will wish her good luck if she will undertake a mission to them. The older generation of professional women and women engaged in social work have, as a rule, paid far too little attention to their frocks and hats, and have been inclined to criticise their colleagues who had a nice taste in dress. If medical women have been dowdier than those of other professions, they have had the excuse that they must look business-like at all hours of the day, but it has been rather unfortunate for their patients. Dr. Hill might have worked a big reform



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN A. C. REID, M.P.: MISS MARY ASHLEY.

Photograph by Yevonde.

if she had stuck to her profession and set a brilliant example to the rest.

The Charm of Palestine.

No one who knows Dame Millicent Fawcett and the intense enjoyment she finds in travelling will be very much surprised to hear that she is setting off once more with her sister, Miss Agnes Garrett, to visit Palestine. Yet it was considered a great adventure for them when, in 1920, Dame Millicent, who felt that she could now retire from active political work, decided to spend a sum presented to her by a group of suffrage friends in realising a long-cherished dream and going to the Holy Land. She was so interested in what she saw that on her return she published some of her impressions for private circulation. The next year the sisters were irresistibly drawn back to Palestine, and Dame Millicent has published a delightful book about both journeys. Now, five years later, they are going again, and their friends will hope that they will be able once more to spend Easter in Jerusalem.

Witches Up to Date.

No one would suspect that earnest and excellent society, the Six Point Group, of any desire to dabble in magic, or fear that they will try to secure their worthy aims by such means as the witches used. But in their list of literary lectures to be given during the next few weeks, they have included one on witchcraft, by Miss Sylvia Townsend Warner, who will undoubtedly try to bring them to her belief that

"Witchcraft would make an excellent pursuit for the modern woman."

The heroine of her very original first novel, Lolly Willows, is a cultured middle-aged woman who seeks refuge from her possessive family and a chance to enjoy herself in a leisurely fashion in a Buckinghamshire village, and ultimately becomes a witch, secure in the protection of the Devil. Miss Townsend Warner did not convince all her readers that the lady could not have saved herself by a little pluck without resorting to such drastic means, or that there was much fun in being a witch. Since then she has hinted that she is herself a witch. She declares that there are many other witches in the country, and that she expects to see a renaissance of witchcraft—amusing nonsense that some critics have taken seriously.



TO LECTURE ON WITCHCRAFT AT THE SIX POINT GROUP: MISS SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER.

Photograph by Yevonde.

Portrait of a Duchess.

When the Duke and Duchess of Atholl celebrated their silver wedding more than two years ago, the tenants on their estate, wishing to make a presentation, asked the Duke what he would like, and were delighted with his suggestion that Sir James Guthrie, ex-President of the Royal Scottish Academy, should paint a portrait of the Duchess. The artist, however, had no easy task, for the Duchess, first as a Member of Parliament and then as a member of the Government, found it very difficult to give him the sittings he required. The portrait has only now been finished, and it was presented to the Duke and Duchess a few days ago. Sir James has painted the Duchess, who is a very fine pianist, sitting at a piano and turning as if to speak. She is dressed in black, with a crimson shawl across her shoulders, and there is rich colour in the background and accessories. The employees on the estates at the same time presented a bronze bust of the Duchess by the Russian sculptor Serge Yourievitch, who, when an Attaché at the Russian Embassy, studied sculpture in Paris and became a friend of Rodin.

Baroness Moncheur.

Baron Moncheur, the Belgian Ambassador, and the Baroness, his charming wife, who celebrated their silver wedding this month, have made a great many friends here during their seven years in London. They will be very much missed when the Ambassador retires from his post in the summer. They have, of course, had much to do with the marvellous exhibition of Belgian and Flemish Art at Burlington House, and have attended several social functions held in connection with it.



THE WIFE OF THE BELGIAN AMBASSADOR TO THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S, WHO IS TO RETIRE: BARONESS MONCHEUR.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.



THE MARRIAGE OF LADY BARBARA BINGHAM AND MR. JOHN HENRY BEVAN: THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM. Lady Barbara Bingham, elder daughter of the Earl and Countess of Lucan, was married to Mr. John Henry Bevan, youngest son of Mr. D. A. Bevan and the Hon. Dame Maud Bevan, of Shephall, Bury, Stevenage, at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on the 18th inst.

Photograph by l'andyl.

JAPAN IN MOURNING: THE NEW EMPEROR'S ARRIVAL IN HIS CAPITAL.



BESIDE THE IMPERIAL TRAIN THAT BROUGHT THE NEW EMPEROR AND EMPRESS OF JAPAN TO TOKIO: STATE OFFICIALS AND THEIR WIVES SALUTING AND BOWING ON THE PLATFORM.



ANCIENT RITES OBSERVED ON THE DEATH OF THE LATE EMPEROR OF JAPAN: SACRIFICIAL FIRES AND INCENSE-BURNING AT THE GATES OF THE VILLA AT HAYAMA WHERE HE DIED.



THE ONLY CHILD OF THE NEW EMPEROR AND EMPRESS: PRINCESS SHIGEKO TERUNOMIYA.



THROUGH STREETS STREWN WITH WHITE SAND, AND THROGGED BY OVER A MILLION CITIZENS: THE HEARSE WITH THE LATE EMPEROR'S REMAINS DRIVING THROUGH TOKIO TO THE PALACE.



WITHOUT POMP OR CEREMONY: THE NEW EMPEROR HIROHITO ARRIVING IN TOKIO FROM HAYAMA.



STANDING ALMOST NAKED IN THE SEA AND BEATING "DRUMS" IN PRAYER FOR THEIR EMPEROR'S RECOVERY: DEVOUT BUDDHISTS OF THE NICHIREN SECT AT HAYAMA JUST BEFORE HIS DEATH.



OFFERING PRAYERS FOR THE SOUL OF THE LATE EMPEROR YOSHIHITO, WHO DIED ON CHRISTMAS DAY: A GROUP OF JAPANESE PRIESTS STANDING ON ROCKS BESIDE THE SEA.

As noted (with portraits) in our issue of January 1, the Emperor Yoshihito of Japan died on Christmas Day, and his son, the Crown Prince Hirohito, Prince Regent, received the symbols of empire as his successor. The death of the late Emperor took place at his seaside residence at Hayama, and from thence the new Emperor travelled to Tokio, where he was received without the least pomp and bowed bareheaded to the thousands of people who had gathered to see him. Four hours later the remains of the late Emperor arrived by train in Tokio, and were conveyed in a hearse to the Royal Palace for the lying-in-state. The streets,

which were thronged with immense silent crowds, had been specially strewn with white sand, scattered by a fleet of fifty lorries. The funeral is not expected to take place until the end of February. There will be fifty days devoted to services and ancient rites before the coffin, and it is reported that the cost of the ceremonies will amount to something like £250,000. According to a Reuter message, mourning for the late Emperor will last a year, and will be divided into three parts. After the first period of fifty days, there will be a second period of the same length, and then a third of 265 days.

Fashions & Fancies

A HISTORY AND A PROPHECY IN CONNECTION WITH THE SHINGLE, AND A SEARCHLIGHT ON COIFFURE MODES IN THE NEAR (AND FAR) FUTURE.

short hair first became really fashionable. Everyone knows the romantic life of this famous beauty at the Court of France, and will consequently not be surprised to hear that she found it necessary to show signs of repentance to her lover, a certain Vicomte. As a proof of this and of submission, she cut off her hair and sent it to him. But the results were not quite as anticipated. She was forgiven, but her shorn hair did not serve as a constant reproach, for the effect was so charming that many ladies of the Court rushed to the scissors and were cut in the new style, *à la Ninon*.

The Latest Shingle.

Though the shingle may be proved to be as old as the hills, the burning question of the moment is—how long will short hair continue to be fashionable? At Emile's, the authorities predict a vogue of at least another two years, provided it is not killed by exaggeration. At the moment, anyhow, the shingle is as fashionable as ever, and the latest and smartest variations are those pictured below, which can be carried out at this firm's London salons at 24, Conduit Street, W. In the centre is the "Cockleshell," with the hair waved up in front and turned back exactly like a real shell, while the back is short and cut in a point. On the left is another original coiffure, with a slanting parting and the back softly waved at the same angle. It is especially becoming to dark women. On the right is a more customary shingle, perfectly cut and permanently waved by the famous Gallia-Boncelle method used by this house. The waves are soft and natural, and are varied to suit every type of face.

Tailored Coats and Suits.

It is to be a season of tailored suits this spring, and one of the smartest of the new models is the one pictured above, which is carried out in a fascinating shade of moss-green, a delightful departure from the browns and fawns of so many seasons. It is a fine tweed, completed with a black velvet collar, and has been perfectly cut and tailored by Kenneth Durward, Ulster House, Conduit Street, W. Ready-to-wear coats and skirts in new spring materials, perfectly cut, can be secured for 8½ guineas, and plain overcoats of tweed or West of England cloth are from 6 guineas. Sketched also in this firm's salons is the well-fitting tweed coat pictured on the right. Another new model in these salons is expressed in the new "Sunray" tweed in shades of fawn flecked with gold. The panel and belt are cleverly cut in one, with inset pockets, so that the silhouette is faultless.

Luvisca for Lingerie.

During the changeable spring temperature, the question of undies which are light, warm, and sufficiently slimming for the new modes, is a problem needing careful consideration. Luvisca is an excellent



A perfectly cut suit and coat built by Kenneth Durward, Ulster House, Conduit Street, W. The coat and skirt is of fine tweed in a new shade of moss-green, and the coat is faintly checked.

material for pyjamas and lingerie of this nature, for it is soft and supple as silk, and is obtainable in a host of pretty colourings, plain and striped. It will wash and wear almost for ever, so that Luvisca is a very sound investment at all seasons of the year. It is admirable, too, for children's frocks and suits. Ready-to-wear garments, or the material by the yard, can be obtained from all outfitters of prestige, but should any difficulty be experienced, application should be made direct to the manufacturers, Courtaulds, Ltd., Aldermanbury, E.C., who will send patterns on request.

La-rola for the Complexion.

February is one of the worst months in the year as regards the complexion. Chill winds, alternating with bright sunshine, do their best to harden the skin and make it unbecomingly red and patchy. In open cars and on the golf course especially, the effects of long days in the air are disastrous. A simple antidote which is within the means of every woman is to invest in a 1s. 6d. bottle of Lait La-rola (obtainable from all chemists and stores). This soothing emollient can be used on the face, neck, and hands, and keeps them beautifully soft and white, despite constant exposure. In addition, it nourishes and strengthens the tissues of the skin. La-rola Rose Bloom (1s. a box) gives a natural tint to the complexion and is harmless to the skin.



Pretty and practical for spring weather are these pyjamas made of Luvisca, a material which washes and wears splendidly without losing its colour, and is soft as silk.

"Shingle" History and Historical Shingles.

Is the fashion of short hair new or old? Though some declare that Eton crops and shingled locks are as original as short skirts and sports sweaters, others uphold that there is nothing new under the sun, especially in the coiffure. It is a moot point, and one that has been carefully studied by a famous coiffeur, Mr. Boudou, of Emile, Ltd., who is equally renowned in London and Paris. This eminent authority has little doubt on the subject. In very early days, he declares, the hair was cut short for special motives. It was a sign of mourning and of sacrifice. Ancient Egyptians and Phœnicians used to offer shorn locks to the gods, and if a woman wished to keep her hair she had to pay large sums of money to the priests. Later, the Romans wore their hair short and curled all over their heads, but were much ridiculed by the æsthetic Greeks for such a barbarous mode. Then came the first "cut" for convenience, immortalised in thousands of church windows, pictures, and statues by Joan of Arc's bobbed tresses. She was the first active pioneer of the harmony of short skirts and short hair.

After the "Bob" Came the "Crop."

A little later, but still in the Middle Ages, came the tendency to "crop." Women wore the hennin, a tall head-dress which completely concealed every trace of hair from the face and ears. So tightly had the hair to be screwed away beneath this confection that many women actually shaved the hair beneath for more comfort. Surely an Eton crop with a vengeance! But it was in 1623, at the instigation of Ninon de l'Enclos (quite involuntarily, it must be admitted), that



Here are two of the latest shingles cut and permanently waved by Emile, the celebrated coiffeur of 24, Conduit Street, W. The one in the centre is christened the "Cockleshell."

This shingled head has been permanently waved by Emile, who achieves perfect results with his special Gallia method, which is adapted to suit every type.

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RADIO NOTES.

ANOTHER experiment to test the possibilities of telepathy *via* radio will be broadcast by the B.B.C. from London on Wednesday, Feb. 16. The Psychical Research Society has suggested a scheme whereby a number of scientists locked in a room and without means of communication with the broadcasting studio will try to convey their thoughts to radio listeners. The subjects of these thoughts will be placed in sealed envelopes, and will remain unknown to the scientists until the commencement of the experiment. Sir Oliver Lodge will explain through the microphone what listeners have to do, but he will have no knowledge of the contents of the sealed envelopes. Listeners who may believe that they have received the "thoughts" by telepathy will be asked to forward the particulars to the B.B.C.

On Thursday, Feb. 17, the B.B.C. will broadcast their eighth National Concert from the Royal Albert Hall. The programme will consist of orchestral music entirely, conducted by Bernardino Molinari, the distinguished Italian conductor at the famous Augusto Concert Hall in Rome. Included in the programme will be Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, the "Tannhäuser" overture, and Respighi's symphonic poem, "The Pines of Rome," which was conceived by listening to a gramophone record of a nightingale's song.

The broadcasting of big sporting events, such as football matches, is perhaps the most exciting of the items now offered by the B.B.C. Any listeners can obtain from the B.B.C. offices, in advance, a plan of the playing ground divided into numbered sections, or the plan may be drawn at home by creating a plan divided into eight parts. A special hut, erected at a height giving a good view of the play, is occupied by two announcers, who speak into a microphone which is connected by land lines to the transmitting station. During the match every movement of the players is described by one of the announcers, whilst the other

states the numbers of the sections on the plan, as the play goes from one section to the other. The interest and excitement of a match is well conveyed to radio listeners, as, in addition to the running narrative, the referee's whistle can be heard; and the shouts of the "crowd" and the stamping of feet (to "keep them warm") come through to the listener most vividly.



TRANSATLANTIC TELEPHONY BETWEEN TWO GREAT UNIVERSITIES:
CAMBRIDGE SPEAKING TO HARVARD.

The new Transatlantic service inaugurated recently between London and New York has now been extended to parts of England outside the London area, and to areas outside New York. Our photograph illustrates the scene last Saturday when the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge University (the Rev. G. A. Weekes) exchanged conversation with Mr. A. L. Lowell, President of Harvard, Massachusetts. Left of the Vice-Chancellor is Sir Ernest Rutherford.

A new high-tension accumulator is now available for radio listeners who wish to rid themselves of the continual expense and frequent disappointment caused by the ordinary "dry" battery, which has to be thrown away after a few months, or perhaps

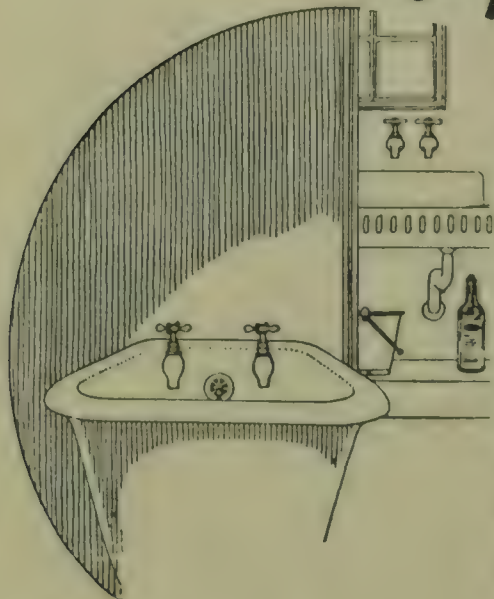
weeks, of use. Many listeners, therefore, will welcome the recent advance in battery design as incorporated in the Exide (Long-Life) Batteries. These have cells with plates especially designed to prevent sulphation and loss of charge—even if the batteries are partially discharged, and not used for a considerable time.

The Exide battery will stand for six months at least without detriment or loss of charge, so that the full capacity is always available when the receiving-set is switched on—a point which should be of considerable interest to those owners of receiving-sets who may have to leave the set inactive during lengthy periods whilst away from home. The batteries are sold in twenty-volt units, Type WJ, at 15s. each, and with ordinary care will last for many years.

Television, which seems to be well on the way to accomplishment, will one day enable us to see the people with whom we are conversing on the telephone. Already pictures, portraits, finger-prints, cheques, and letters have been sent and received by radio, and by the ordinary telegraph and telephone lines. In "Wireless Pictures and Television," by T. Thorne Baker (Constable and Co.), the methods that are being employed in this new science are dealt with in a manner that will appeal alike to the highly technical and the lay reader. Mr. Thorne Baker has been associated with the development of picture telegraphy for twenty years, and has had the advantage of knowing intimately many of the inventors whose systems are described in his new book.

The chapters, which are very readable, even to the non-technical, trace the history of the subject from the beginning of the electric telegraph, and give details of the various methods and apparatus used by the chief investigators of the problem of television, including the Baird system. The practical use of Mr. Thorne Baker's apparatus, which has been demonstrated at the Royal Photographic Society and elsewhere, is also described.

Keep it handy



Keep Sanitas handy and use it freely. Sprinkle a little on dusters, shake a few drops in those hard-to-reach corners. Use it for personal hygiene, too. Spray sick rooms with it. Have it by you for first aid. Sanitas is the most pleasant of all disinfectants.

A tablespoonful in a tumbler of water as a mouthwash, a few tablespoonfuls in a bath as a tonic and deodorant, a few drops on the handkerchief as a precaution against nasal infections—make this your health habit and laugh at illness.



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Smouldering torches... the sultry lifting of heavy scents from brazen burners... plashing of fountains... pattering of bare feet over glorious mosaics... the silently gliding vision of white... clatter of hoofs and glitter of rich caparisons... sunset and the Muezzin... a world of complete fascination awaits you.

AND THE "TRANSATLANTIQUE" HOTELS—ONE A PRINCELY PALACE OF BYGONE DAYS—THEY ARE UNIQUE, THE COMPANY'S PRIDE, AND THEY ALONE MADE TOURING POSSIBLE

LET US ARRANGE A PERFECT TOUR FOR YOU THIS WINTER!

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"Flowers & Sunshine"



MEKNES
The African Versailles



FEZ
The Capital of Romance

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B.C.G.A.



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Industry's revival hangs on science, which means the exclusion of waste; its basis is fuel; its life-blood is heat. Industry has been built up on the use of coal. But coal is a clumsy fuel, a wasteful rebel against accurate control. Industry must be rebuilt, in a second great industrial revolution, on the modern fuel that can offer most in scientific precision and overall economy. Gas is *par excellence* the fuel to eliminate waste and rekindle the fires of trade.

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The B.C.G.A. . . . representing the British Gas Industry, is at the service of the public, without charge, for advice and help on any subject, large or small, connected with the economical and efficient use of gas in home, office or factory. A letter to the Secretary of this Association will receive prompt and careful attention.

THE BRITISH COMMERCIAL GAS ASSOCIATION, 28 GROSVENOR GARDENS, S.W.1

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR. A STURDY ITALIAN CAR.

HOWEVER little interest one may take in reliability trials, hill-climbs, and general competitions, the products of a firm which secures twenty-four successes in one year must have a certain interest of their own. The Italian Diatto, the two-litre sporting model of which I tried some time ago, has got a most remarkable list of triumphs of this kind to its credit, for the most part in Italy, or at all events in the Alps. It includes flying half-miles, special cups given for particular performances in races like the Targa Florio, strenuous hill climbs, touring car competitions, and speed trials at Brooklands.

Naturally, some of these feats have no interest at all for the ordinary buyer;

but it is only fair to admit that it must be a thoroughly good car, made in quite first-class works, which is capable of these performances, and that therefore the ordinary buyer benefits by these results. The Diatto is a car which impresses you immediately

with its solidity of construction. It weighs a ton and a quarter, unladen, which, considering the size of its engine and its general over-all dimensions, is no mean weight. Everything about the chassis is eloquent of a wide margin of strength, and when you drive it you are conscious of this robustness in all circumstances.

The four-cylinder engine has the very unusual measurement of 79.7 by 100, bore and stroke, giving a £16 tax. Like all Italians of its type, it is a clean job, with its various parts properly accessible. The valves are operated by an overhead cam-shaft, the head is detachable, and aluminium pistons are fitted. I was rather sorry to see that the engine-clutch and gear-box are arranged in one unit. This certainly gives rigidity at comparatively low cost, but it is not a system of which I am at all enamoured.

It is, however, popular, and I only comment on it because the Diatto is not sold at a popular price. An interesting feature of the engine is that the joint between the cylinder and the detachable head is a faced one, so that no gasket is used. Lubrication is fitted of orthodox design. The gear-box gives four forward speeds, centrally controlled, the gear ratios being 4.5 to 1 on top, 6.48 on third, 10.4 on second, and 17.5 on bottom. The springs are semi-elliptic all round, supplemented by shock-absorbers to both axles.

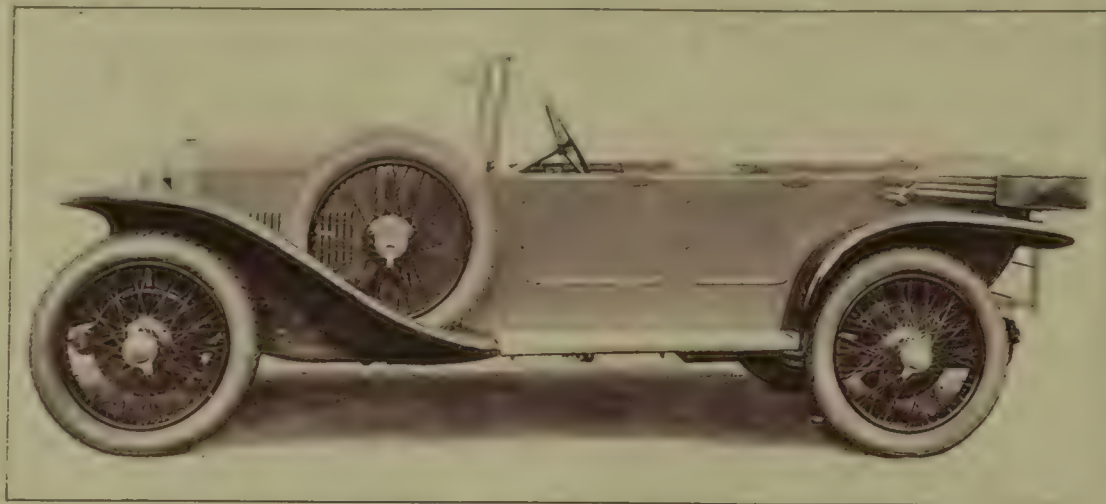
The Diatto is a fast and very lively car, and in one respect decidedly one of the most interesting cars I have yet had the luck to drive. The sensitiveness of the engine to the spark advance and retard is quite extraordinary, and, until you are used to it, it is very easy to drive it coarsely. An idea of the degree of advance may be gathered from the fact that, until the engine speed reaches a point commensurate with about sixty miles an hour on top, not more than half of the advance should be used. Heavy-footed work on the accelerator pedal is, therefore, almost certain to make it pink except at high speeds. I do not think that this is by any means a disadvantage, except, of course, in the hands of ignorant or clumsy people, for the liveliness and flexibility which this sensitiveness imparts to the engine are well worth the extra trouble that has to be taken to drive it correctly.

The acceleration is remarkably good. Even on the comparatively high-gear top speed you can get away with gratifying swiftness. With the type of carburettor now used, considerable care has to be taken with the throttle, as a sudden opening will, as I discovered several times, stop the engine. The day of my trial was one of the vilest we have had this winter, with the roads for the most part three or four inches deep in snow, or slush, or both, and consequently I was not able to find out what the maximum speed of the Diatto is. On a favourable stretch, however, where the road cleaners had been at work, sixty miles an hour was quickly reached and very comfortably held. That high-gear third speed is delightful to use, as you can change down into it from top when the engine is turning over very fast. It is a well-balanced engine.

Changing speed is easily and comfortably accomplished, in spite of the fact that there is no clutch stop, and the gears make remarkably little hum even at high speeds.

I do not care very much for the steering, except at high speeds. At thirty miles an hour and over, it is excellent, light, steady, and instantly responsive; but at lower speeds, especially on corners, I found it heavy. A comfortably large and sensible steering-wheel is fitted. The suspension is good, and the car holds the road very well on corners and on treacherous surfaces.

[Continued overleaf.]



OUR "CAR OF THE WEEK": THE DIATTO—A TWO-LITRE SPORTING MODEL.



Now more than ever before Character and Dependability

To press the starter button of your car and know that the engine will respond almost instantly—

To set out on a long trip even over the roughest roads and feel assured that the usual mechanical annoyances will not delay your journey—

To buy a car and know that it will serve you faithfully for years without frequent costly overhauling—to know, too, that expensive refinishing will be found unnecessary—

That is **DEPENDABILITY** as the public has come to apply the word to Dodge Brothers motor car.

That is character built by men into a product.

That is the expression in terms of steel of an inflexible ideal—the ideal to build well and never to relax from a pro-

gramme of constant and progressive betterment.

How well the car deserves the tribute you will realise when you know that more than 90% of all the motor cars Dodge Brothers have built during the past twelve years are still in active service.

And remember that this remarkable record was established before the beginning of the year just drawn to a close—a year in which more important improvements were incorporated in Dodge Brothers motors cars than in any previous year in Dodge Brothers history. Far surpassing their previous best in sturdiness as well as in good looks and smooth engine operation, Dodge Brothers motor cars now with many important improvements are destined to break their own unbroken record for dependability and long life.

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DODGE BROTHERS MOTOR CARS

LIGHT *or* DARK ?



*A drink to cheer the heart of any man:
Barclay's Lager . . . Light or Dark —
brilliant, beneficial—and British*

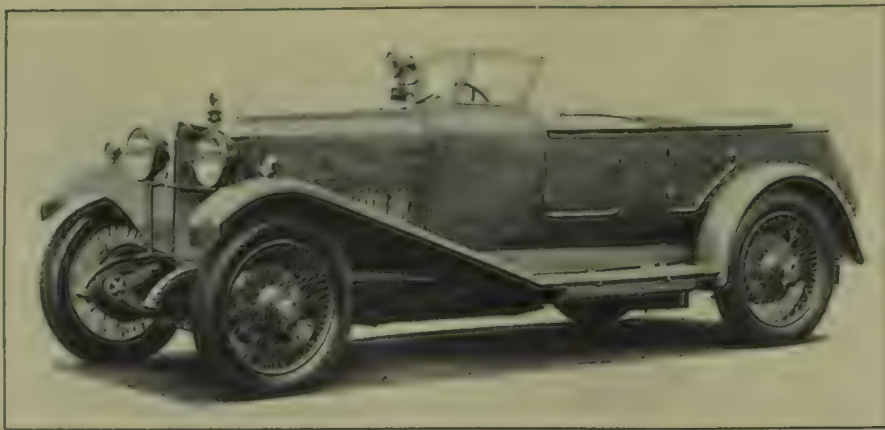
BARCLAY'S LAGER

The Drink for every Thirst and every Season

(Continued.)

It is a car in which you feel safe. I should mention that the tyres are high pressure—820 by 120—and so none of the credit for absence of skidding can be given to them. The four-wheel brake set is a very powerful one. It is Perrot-operated, but uncompensated. Only four sets of brake-shoes are used, the hand-lever operating the rear pair through separate connections.

The body, which is a four-seater, has remarkably good lines, and, considering that it is of the sporting type, is unusually roomy and comfortable. You sit well into the car, and are reasonably well protected. The wheel base is 9 ft. 10½ in., and the track 4 ft. 8 in., which gives you a decidedly compact touring car. The price is £695. J. PRIOLEAU.



WITH MULLINER SPORTS BODY: A 1927 MODEL 22-90-H.P. THREE-LITRE, SIX-CYLINDER ALFA-ROMEO, FOR MR. H. DOUGLAS SPRATT.

The special sports four-seater body, finished with a mottled effect, is by Messrs. Arthur Mulliner and Co., Ltd. Mr. H. Douglas Spratt, of Westcliff-on-Sea, to whom the car was recently supplied, is a well-known motorist who has won many awards in speed events.

His Majesty the King has granted his Warrant of Appointment to the Gramophone Company, Ltd. ("His Master's Voice"). The company already holds the Warrant of Appointment from her Majesty the Queen.

As befits one who has set up so many speed records, Captain Malcolm Campbell, the well-known motorist, is one of those who are making use of the New York Wireless Telephone Service. He has, we understand, already opened up negotiations for one new agency by its means, that for the Auburn Automobile, a car which has recently attained a great success in the United States.

Preparations for the Second Olympic Winter Games, of 1927-8, to be held next winter at St. Moritz, have already begun in various countries, and a great international meeting is anticipated. During the present season the Swiss Ski Association are selecting twelve skiers to represent them, from the results of competitions, and a special course for ski-jumpers has been arranged on the great new Olympic jumping hill at St. Moritz. There will also be held, at St. Moritz, in the



PRINCE GEORGE'S NEW CAR: A SIX-CYLINDER BENTLEY WITH FOUR-DOOR WEYMANN SALOON BODY BY MESSRS. J. GURNEY NUTTING AND CO.

middle of February, a long-distance ski race of fifty kilometres. The selection of Olympic competitors in bobsleigh and skeleton contests is being based on the results of the Swiss championships and courses on the Cresta Run. Most of the European nations will take part in the Olympic meeting, as well as Canada and the United States.

One of the most attractive and important social events promised for next month, in London, is the Highland Ball to be held at the Hyde Park Hotel on Feb. 23. The ball has been organised in aid of An Comunn Gaidhealach (the Highland Association), of which the Prince of Wales is Patron. It is also under the patronage of the Duke and Duchess of York and Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, with many other distinguished people. The President of the Committee is the Countess of Breadalbane, and the Chairman, Lady Margaret Campbell. Music will be provided by the Pipers of the Scots Guards and the Clifford Essex Band. Uniform, Highland, or evening dress will be worn. Tickets, including champagne supper (£2 2s. each, or £10 10s. for six) may be obtained from the Hon. Sec., Miss Lesley Campbell, Holmer Court, High Wycombe, Bucks, or the Hon. Treasurer, Major Norman McLeod, 50, Lime Street, E.C. Cheques should be made payable to Major N. McLeod.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

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The Colfax Bookplate. Agnes Miller. (7s. 6d. net.)
Chandu. Owen Rutter. (7s. 6d. net.)

FISHER UNWIN.

Saul's Daughter. Mary Gaunt. (7s. 6d. net.)
The Crime at Diana's Pool. Victor L. Whitechurch. (7s. 6d. net.)

CONSTABLE.

Manhattan Transfer. John Dos Passos. (7s. 6d. net.)

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A cooling liquid cream for eczema, rashes, etc. Instant Relief 1/2 and 3/4 pints. Supplied the world over. Estab. 1885

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If you want to Purchase, Sell or Hire good Pedigree Dogs, you cannot do better than to study and use the advertisement columns of *The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*, which publishes each week a special article by Mr. A. Croxton Smith, the well-known writer, under the heading of "Dogs of the Day."

Advertisers' announcements appearing either under or facing this special article cannot but catch the reader's eye. By following this special page you will be kept in touch with all the best dog fanciers throughout the English-speaking world. Where English-speaking people are to be found so is the *Sporting and Dramatic*.

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Also in 1/2, 1 and 1 gallon Cans.
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PLAYER'S *Medium* NAVY CUT CIGARETTES with or without CORK TIPS



*It is decided then—
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PLAYER'S
NAVY CUT
CIGARETTES

10 for 6d



20 for 11½d

"It's the Tobacco that Counts"

THE WORLD OF THE KINEMA.

BY MICHAEL ORME.

THE GENIUS OF CHARLES CHAPLIN.

AT a moment when the private affairs of Charles Chaplin have become common property, when the trumpets of publicity are blaring out the various

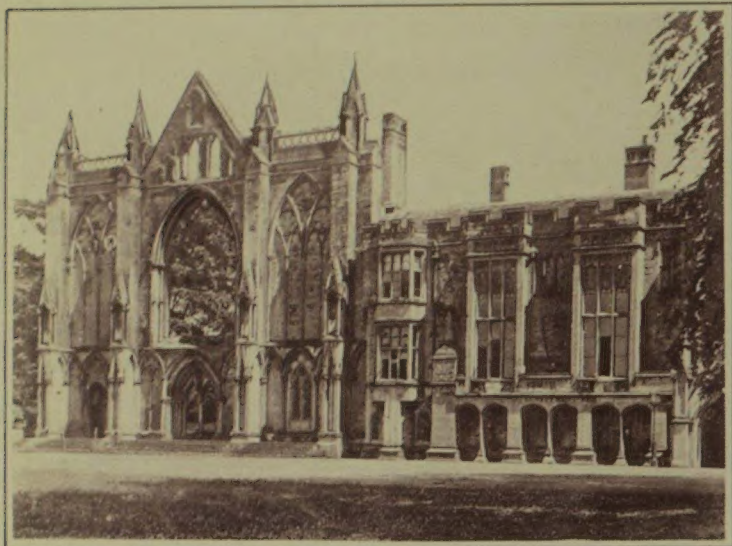
He is doubtless surrounded by faithful friends, 'sollicitous doctors, and astute lawyers. But the picture the artist has created by his work of many years is one of loneliness, remoteness, and not entirely understood ideals. In other words, the man and his work are stamped, if ever work and man were stamped, with the hall-mark of genius. That his genius has manifested itself in humour is, I think, fortuitous.

Emerging as a skilled acrobat and dancer from the initial groove into which circumstances had thrust him, he naturally turned to the lighter side of entertainment. One remembers his earliest films to have been very much of the "slap-stick" order, and only gradually did he whittle down his methods to their present subtlety. Yet I am convinced he might at any time have turned to tragedy as legitimately as to comedy, and his oft-repeated desire—*vide* the newspapers—to play Hamlet does not seem to me to be in the least degree absurd or far-fetched. For Chaplin is, above all things, sensitive. His mind, as I see it in his work, re-

sponds to the faintest suggestion thrown out by the mood of the moment, by surroundings, atmosphere—what you will. It is this extreme sensitiveness, I think, rather than the "infinite capacity for taking pains," which the dictionary would have us accept as the definition of genius, that lifts his work into its unique position. Like that amazing invention, the "electric eye," that can apprehend the

slightest variations of sound in terms of light and shade, Chaplin seems to sense every degree of light and shade in any given situation. So, whilst his comic "business" is moving us to peals of laughter, he cannot shut out from his consciousness the things that lie beyond the laughter. The princess in the fairy-tale proved her delicate upbringing by feeling a pea beneath a score of mattresses. No amount of buffoonery can disguise from Chaplin the grain of pathos amongst the pile of chaff. He is so keenly aware of it that at the height of his fooling he makes a bid for our tears. If he played Hamlet he would not fool, and our tears would be his tribute.

(Continued overleaf.)



BYRON'S ANCESTRAL HOME NOW TO BE LET AS FLATS: NEWSTEAD PRIORY, NOTTINGHAMSHIRE, FOUNDED BY HENRY II. AND GRANTED TO SIR JOHN BYRON AT THE DISSOLUTION OF THE MONASTERIES—A VIEW OF THE WEST FRONT.

reports of his domestic, financial, and physical condition, when the pendulum of public favour is already beginning to quiver slightly, ever so slightly, in readiness for its swing to or fro as the upshot of all this pother finally dictates—at this moment, inevitably, imagination seeks out the man himself. Before the mind's eye he stands, small, pathetic, extremely worried, and alone—quite alone—whilst the angry, turbid waves toss at his feet, mounting higher and always a little higher, eating away the ground he stands on as they seek to engulf him. That may be sentimental. He is probably by no means alone.



INSCRIBED "TO ONE WHO POSSESSED BEAUTY WITHOUT VANITY, STRENGTH WITHOUT INSOLENCE, COURAGE WITHOUT FEROCITY, AND ALL THE VIRTUES OF A MAN WITHOUT HIS VICES": THE TOMB OF BYRON'S DOG, "BOATSWAIN," AT NEWSTEAD.

Newstead Priory, near Mansfield, now to be let off in flats, was owned by the Byron family from the time of Henry VIII. until 1817, when Lord Byron, the poet, sold the estate to Colonel Wildman for 90,000 guineas. In 1860 it was acquired by Mr. W. F. Webb, the big-game hunter, and a son of one of his daughters, Mrs. Fraser, is the present owner. Some 1300 acres of the estate were recently sold. Among the sights of Newstead are the monument to Byron's dog, Boatswain, and the oak Byron planted in 1798.

Photographs by Topical.

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Inecto is the one hair re-colourative which fulfils the desires of the discriminating. The effect of Inecto on the hair is convincing. The colour, texture and tone produced by Inecto vie with Nature itself.

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(Continued.)

Nor must this apprehension of the shadow, this thing that makes him such a "pathetic little man," be ascribed to his physical attributes alone—his big, sad eyes, or serious cast of features. Show me a man with more melancholy eyes or a sadder countenance than Buster Keaton's, whose reputation has been partly built up on the fact that he never smiles. Yet Buster Keaton cannot make our hearts ache as Chaplin did in "The Gold Rush." To be sure, he does not try to. Nor does Chaplin, always. Yet the pathos is always there.

In his masterly production of "A Woman of Paris," a production that was of tremendous moment to the whole history of film-making at the time, he caught and reproduced another mood. A lighter, more cynical mood; laughter behind which lurked, not the tears of the simple-minded, but the hardness and the indifference of the worldly. The film brought Adolphe Menjou to the fore—Menjou of the indefatigable eyebrow and the polish of a boulevardier. The eyebrow and the polish have remained his chief stock-in-trade in a great many films since then, but to my mind he has never again quite reached the high-water mark of the "Woman of Paris." It is surely fair to assume that the genius of Chaplin was the god in the machine.

Chaplin relies far less on mechanical aid in his humorous inventions than do, for instance, Buster Keaton and Harold Lloyd, though the latter, it is only fair to add, has less need of them than he thinks. As far as Chaplin is concerned, one remembers, of course, the delightful extravaganza of the see-sawing hut on the edge of the cliff in "The Gold Rush," and the even more delightful vision of Heaven in "The Kid." But this was something more than a "stunt"—it was an inspiration. You remember the dream of the poor little worn-out man, whose "kid" had been snatched from him, apparently for ever? In sleep comes solace, and he sees himself, supplied with wings by kindly angels, transported to a rose-embowered heaven where all his acquaintances, from the hooligan to the policeman, flap about in new-born innocence. An episode of irresistible humour.

But Chaplin has no need of any mechanism, however funny. His impromptu sermon on the story of David and Goliath in "The Pilgrim," when Chance, the arch-jester, had equipped the escaped convict with a curate's kit and forced on him a job to match, is one of the finest examples of silent humour that I can recall. Indeed, the whole of "The Pilgrim,"

which is practically "stuntless," sees Charlie at his very best.

That a temperament such as Chaplin's, highly strung and super-sensitive, should dig pitfalls in his daily path is hardly surprising. Yet, whatever the rights and the wrongs of his case, there should be, as far as the public is concerned, an unbridged chasm between the man and the artist. On the one side, Chaplin the man, whose troubles call for our sympathy but not our judgment; on the other side, Chaplin the artist, who has challenged our judgment and won a verdict of admiration that nothing can repeal.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE BEAUX' STRATAGEM," AT HAMMERSMITH.

PUBLIC thanks are due to Mr. Nigel Playfair for his revival of "The Beaux' Stratagem," Farquhar's old comedy was worth reviving, and makes the pleasantest of entertainments at the Lyric, Hammersmith, one of the best of Mr. Playfair's series. Just as in the case of another Irishman's play—the reference being to Oliver Goldsmith and "She Stoops to Conquer"—there is a fresh, breezy, English air about this piece, with its ale-loving landlord, its highwaymen, its rustic types, its country madams, its couple of adventurers, which ought always to keep it alive. And the dialogue—never cumbrous and painfully mannered as Congreve's often is—is brisk and full of character, while keeping a high level enough of wit, as well as humour. There are speeches here, notably Mrs. Sullen's delightful description of her husband's coming to bed soaked with drink at four o'clock in the morning, which none of the Restoration dramatists betters; but mere talk here is never allowed to delay action. That speech, by the way, scarcely gets its full chance in the present revival; so often is the actress checked during her delivery by the laughter of the audience that she has to slow down her pace and is hampered in producing her climax. The story, then, still pleases; the dialogue still has point; and—best of all—there is an ideal exponent for the part of the ill-used but high-spirited wife, Mrs. Sullen. Throughout her triumphant career, Miss Edith Evans has done nothing more masterly in the field of comedy. She conquers from the moment of her first entry to the delivery of the touching little epilogue. There is a modern note in this wife's protests against her fate which

suits both the actress and our times, but there is also a fund of gaiety welling up amid the indignities she suffers and the temptations to which she is subject to which the genius and temperament of Edith Evans happily respond. Watch her rallying her sister-in-law when caught by Cupid, hear her tearfully promising not to go in the way of harm, and you realise the range and sureness of this born comedienne's art. Hers is the performance. Mr. George Hayes, a little rough, perhaps, as Archer, sings well and cuts a manly figure; Miss Phyllis Konstam is a pretty Dorinda, Mr. Playfair a droll highwayman, Mr. Scott Russell a full-blooded Boniface, Mr. Carleton Hobbs an elegant Aimwell; but the next best work to that of Miss Evans is supplied by Mr. Miles Malleson as the rustic servant, Scrub. Farquhar would have given his dying blessing to both.

"THE JOKER," AT THE ROYALTY.

Mr. Dennis Eadie seems to have got hold of a successful crook play in Mr. Noel Scott's "Joker." It is a trifle ingenious in craftsmanship, over-melodramatic at the start, inclined to be flat towards the finish, not sufficiently close-knit and plausible at times, but it contains some first-class thrills, and these, when the general pace has been quickened, should secure full houses for some time at the Royalty. Its big scene certainly comes off; though even this does not bear being examined too critically in cold blood. Here in a garret you see the over-confident detective (who is called the "Joker" because he leaves such a card on the rogues he outwits), lashed to a beam while the girl he has hoped to rescue is bound down on a sofa. A snarling villain exults over their helplessness. Suddenly the lights go out, and when, a moment or two later, they go up again, big things have happened. The effect is highly ingenious, but you decide on reflection that the rope which does the trick is either too thin or too thick to do all that it is supposed to accomplish. Similarly, earlier in the play you can but stare at a tracker of crime who, having recovered stolen papers, entrusts them for restoration to a girl who, however, guileless, is a niece of the chief crook, and likely to be at his mercy. For the rest there is a face that peers through sections of a bookcase, a hand which emerges from a wardrobe to do mischief, and acting from Mr. Eadie, Mr. Lewin Mannerling, Mr. Cronin Wilson, Mr. James Lindsay and Miss Phyllis Titmuss that does good service to an exciting tale.



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